

Like written in Monony
J. B. Gent.

A FLOORISH
vpon Fancie.

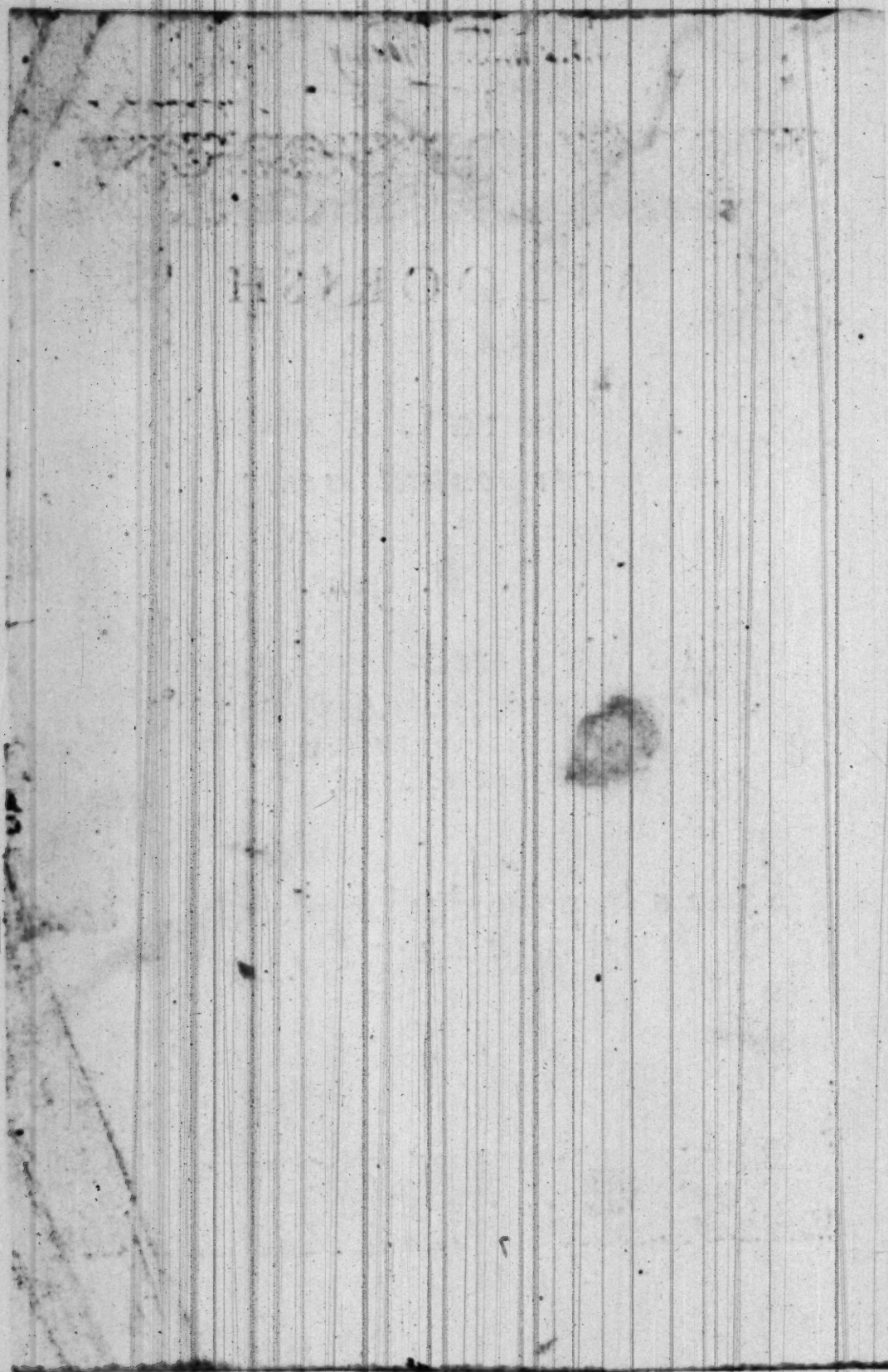
As gallant a Glose vpon
so triflinge a text, as euer
was written. Compiled by
* N. B. Gent.

To which are annexed, ma-
nie Poeticke Pamphlets, for pleasant
pastime to passe away idle time withal.
By the same authour.

Imprinted at London,
by Richard Iohnes.

6. Maij.

1577.



To all younge Gentilmen,
*that delight in trauaile to
foyreine Countreis.*

You gallant Youtnes, who are
of minde, rather addicted to tra-
uaile, through the world for experience
in the diuersities, as well of Countreis, as
customes: of men, as of manners: of lan-
guages, as of other laudable points, too te-
dious to discourse of: as well to the com-
modity of your cuntry comfort of your pa-
rents, content, of your freends as cheefly
to your owne aduauncement: rather then
to sit at home, as a chicke vnder a broode
hen, esteeming warmth, the chiefest wis-
dome: golde, their god: and a whole skinne
aboue an honourable name: As many, the
more pittie, by too much dandling of their
Dads & making of their Mams do now

A ii

adaye

The Epistle.

a daies. To you my young Mates I say. If
here vnnamed (as younge as one) hauing
lately taken in hand to passe a long Pyl-
gremage to Parnassus hil, to Pallas and
her Nimphes, to sue for a schollarship
in the Schoole of Vertu: I was not far out
of mine owne cuntrey, but suddentie in a
place vnkowne, a leage or two from any
Towne, vnperfect to retorne the way I
went: standinge in a muze a while, not
knowinge what best to doo, seeinge ma-
nie footepathes leadinge diuerse waies:
at laste I thought good to take the moste
beaten way, as moste likely, to leade mee
to some place of habitation, where for
that night to take vp my lodginge, and
the next morninge to enquire further
onwarde on my Iourney. But not bea-
ringe in minde that the broad waies are
commonly beaten with beastes: And the
foote

The Epistle.

foote pathes I mean are euer very narrow
I foolishly folowed the Coxcomes Causey
before me, which led me on a long streight
to the forest of fooles, and so to the fort of
Fancy: of which Forte, cum pertinen-
cijs, of my comming thither, abode there,
and return frō thence, I haue more largely
then learnedly discoursed. Yet as it is, I
hope it will serue your turnes (though
not as a direction to the place I ment to go
too, yet as a disswasion (in your trauaile)
from that way, that hath led mee so much
out of the way before you. Thus hoping to
turne the thriftlesse fruit of my fond tra-
uaile, to the commoditie of a great many
of yee: that I hope some of yee will one
day thancke me for: I wish you all, with
my selfe, in trauaile, to treade the path
that may bring vs all to perfect paradise.

From his Chamber, in Holbourne,
this, xx. of February.

The Preface.



Prouerbe olde, and therewith trewe there is,
That *haste makes waste*, ech thing must haue his time;
Who high aspires, must euer looke to this,
To marke his steppes, before he ginne to clyme;
For who in clyming takes no care at all,
Ere hee get vp, is like to catch a fall.

Who doth desire, to Honor hie to clyme,
By due desert, must worshippe first attaine:
Then for to seeke, in farther tract of time,
The meane, whereby to Honor to attaine;
For hee that thinckes, to bee a Lorde first day,
Will misse a Lorde, and proue a Loue streight way.

Who doth assault, the huge high Fort of Fame,
Must first beginne, to scale the outwarde walles;
Longe is the Ladder that doth reach the same,
And happie he that gets vp without falles:
Tedious the time, the labour nothing short,
To take in hande to scale so high a Forte.

This prouerbe olde, my selfe obserued well,
Who not assault, the gallant Fort of Fame:
But Fancies Forte, not minding there to dwell,
But for to see the secretes of the same:
And many times, I thought to make retire,
But in the ende, obtained my desire.

I scale the walles, and got into the Fort
With ease inough, short time and litle fight:
And there I sawe, wherof I make report,
Ech thinge, that was for to be seene worth fight:
And when that I some time therin had past,
How by good hap, I got away at last.

Now

The Preface.

Now farre from this, I see *The Fort of Fame*
A harder thinge, to giue assault vnto :
I dare not seeke the meane, to scale the same,
And if I durst. I know not what to doe :
In scalinge Fortes, my skill is too too small,
Then if I clime, I needes must catch a fall,

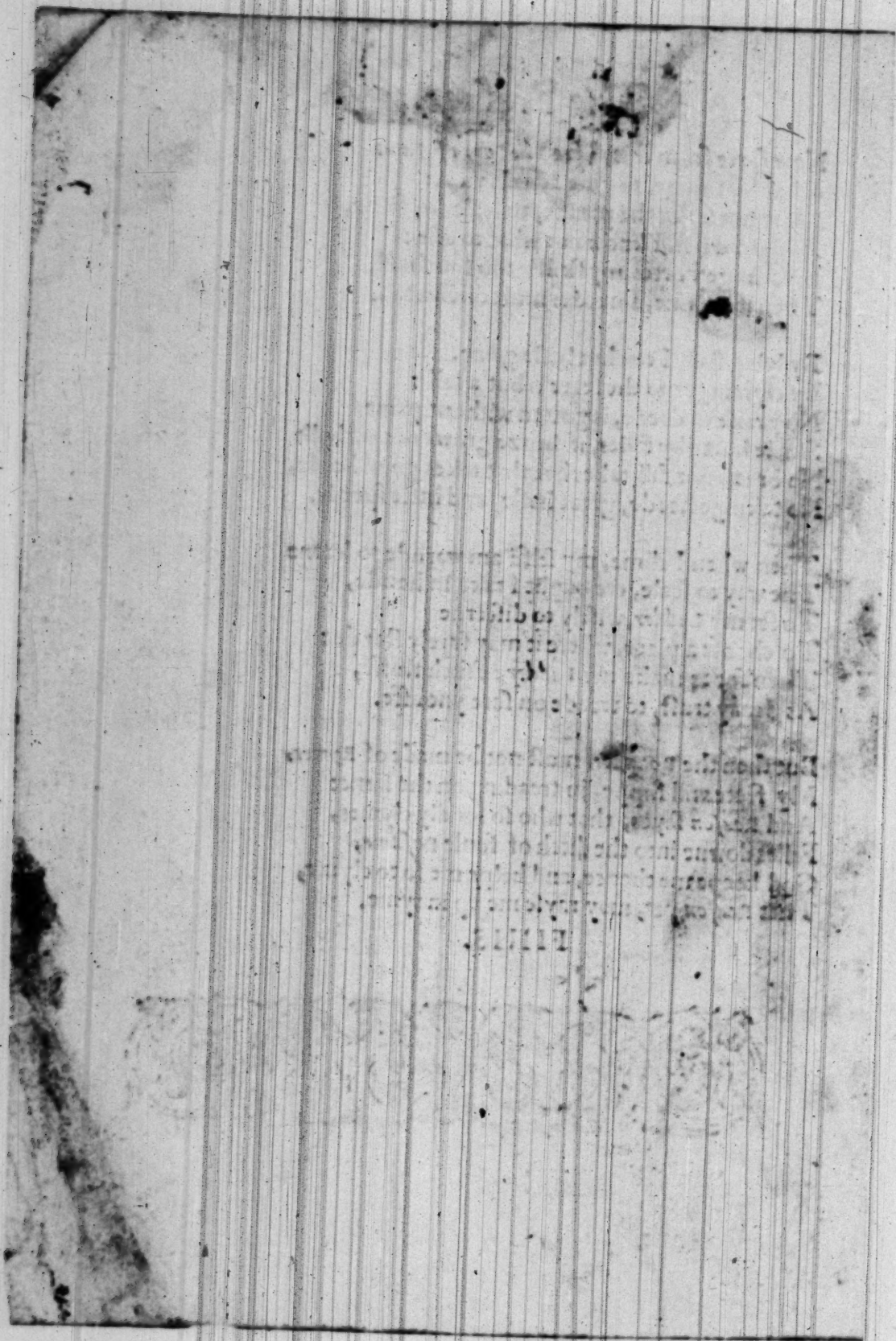
By lying still, I can but little gaine,
By clyminge too the feare is but a fall :
No praise in deede, is gotten without paine,
Smale hurte by falles, if bruze growe not withall;
No bruze nor fall, takes hee that takes good heede,
No takinge heede, great haste, and little speede.

Then when I clime, my selfe am warnde to learne
The way to scale, ere ought I take in hande,
To set my *Ladder*, wisely to discerne
To choose a place, where it may surely stande :
Then for to make my *Ladder* of such stuffe,
As I may trust, to treade on sure ynouffe.

But then the *Rounder*, must not be made of *Rymes*,
My feete will slippe, in treading on the same;
And *Reason* sayes, that who so fondly clymes,
Falles downe into the ditch of foule *Defame*,
God keepe me thence, and helpe me so to clyme,
That *Reason* yet, may rayse me vp in tyme.

FINIS.







THE SCHOOLE of Fancie.

MC thinks I see you smile, before you gin to rede,
At this same title of my tale: but, for you shall not needs
To marvaile at the same. First read it to the ende,
And marke ye still thzough all the tale, wherto eche point
And you shall see I hope, that this same title serves (doth tende,
Fit for the tale, els sure my minde from reason greatly swernes.
Who is expert in any Art doth beare a pfaisters name:
Then hee who chiefe is in an Art, doth well deserue the same.
Of Art of luckles loue, first Fancy is the ground,
Although that Cupid, with his dart, doe giue the deadly wounde.
First, Fancy liking breeds, and liking breedeth lone,
And lone then breeds, such passing panges, as many louers proue:
And when the troubled minde, with tozments is opprest,
Fancy doth finde some secret meane, to breede the hart some rest:
And Fancy shee sometime to breed the loners ioy,
A thousand sundry waies (at least) doth still her paines employ:
Shee thinks on this and that, shee teacheth how to lone,
And tels the Louer, what to doe, as best for his behoue.
But least I go to far and run to mutch at large
Out of the way and take no care what thing I haue in charge,
I will begin to show, what kinde of Schoole this is,
What orders to shee keepes therin. First lo, the Schoole is this.
The roome both large and long, and very darke of sight,
The most sight that her Schollers haue, is chiefly by fier light:
Which fier doth burne so bright, as giues them light to see
To read such books, as there are taught: but what this fier may bee
Now thereby lies a case. Well marke what I doe write,
And you shall know, for I my selfe, haue seene it burning bright.

The schoole

First Fancie fetcheth coales, and calles for Deepe desire:

By him she setteth Vaine delight and biddes them blowe the fires
And when the fire once burnes, for to maintaine the same,

The Colier Care, he byings in coales vnto this painty dame.

He makes his Coales of wood, that growes on Hare braine hill,

The Croue is cald, the Thrifles thicke of wilde and wanton will:

The wood is of small groth, but stickes of Scubbome youth,

Which serues as fitteſt for that fier, god wot, the greater ruth:
Lo thus, this fire doth burne, and still doth giue the light

To Fancies ſchollers in her ſchole, they haue none other ſight.

Now Sir, in this hot ſchoole, firſt Fancie higheſt ſittes,

And out of all her ſchollers ſkill, ſhe takes the wildeſt wittes.

And thoſe ſhe takes in hand, to teach the Art of loue,

Which being taught in that vayne Art, do ſome ſine ſchollers proue.

She teacheth them to mourne, to flatter and to ſaine,

To ſpeake, to write, and to indight, to laboꝝ and take paine:

To go, to run and ride, to muſe, and to deuile,

To iuggle with a deereſt friend, to bleare the parents eyes.

To ſpend both landes and goods, to venter Lim and life,

To make foes friends, and twiſt deere friends, to ſet debate & ſtriſet

To doe and vndo to, ſo that they may obtaine

Their miſtreſſe loue: and neuer care, for taking any paine.

To iet in braue attire, to pleaſe their miſtris eye:

Although perhaps they vtterly, vndo themſelues therby.

To learne to ſing and dounce, to play on Inſtruments,

To ſpeake choyce of ſtraunge languages, to try experiments
ſtraunge, ſeldome had in uſe: in ſine, to tell you plaine,

To doe almoſt they care not what, there ladies loue to gains.

And thus in trade of time, by ſutch inſtructions,

She makes them tread, the perfect path to their diſtructions:

Some other ſchollers now, are taught within her ſchoole

By Viſhers that teach vnder her, of which one is a ſoole

By nature and by name, for Follie men him call:

And hee will teach his ſcholler ſoone, to proue a naturall.

The ſecond Frenzie is, in teaching too as bad,

For hee will teach, his ſchollers moſt the way to make them mad:

The

of Fancie.

The Vnther follie first, hee teacheth to be bould,
Without aduice to giue no eare, to counsaile that is tould
To take delight in gauds, and foolish trifling toies,
In things of value, litle worth, to set his chiefest ioyes.
To prate without regard, of reason in his talke,
To think blacke white, & wrong for right, & know not chuse from
To loue the things in deede, which most hee ought to hate: (chalke
For triflyng toyes, with deereft freends, to fall at dire debate.
To loue to play at dice, to sweare his blood and hart,
To face it with a ruffins looke and set his hat a thwart.
To haunt the Taverns late, by night to trace the strates,
And swap ech out, vpon the lippes, that in the darke hee meetes:
To laughe at a boyse nest, and whine too like a boy,
If any thing do crosse his minde, though it be but a toy:
To flauer like a flauer, to lye too like a dog,
To wallow almost like a Beare, and snortle like a Hog.
To fede too like a Horse, to drinke too like an Ore,
To shew himselfe in eche respecte a very very core.
But sutch a scholler now, is chosen of grosse wit,
Because that Beetle heddes do serue for such instructions fit.
The other Vnther now, that Frenzie hath to name,
His kinde of teaching, hee againe another way doth frame:
He teacheth how to rage, to sweare and ban and curse,
To fret, to fume, to chide, to chafe, to doe all this and worse.
To teare his flesh for griefe, to fill the aire with cries,
To harbo; hatred in his hart, and mischefe to deuise:
To hate all good aduice, to follow wittles will,
And in the ende for want of grace, to seeke himselfe to kill.
And sutch his schollers are, ripe wits, but wanting grace,
And sutch vngracious graffes, doo learne, sutch gracelesse geare &
These schollers all are young, except that now and than, (pace:
To be a scholler with the rest, there stepp in som ould man.
Who when that hee a while, hath bin in Fancies schoole,
Dooth learne, in his olde crooked age, to play the doting soole.
And sutch there are sometime, (more pittie) for to see,
That in their crooked doting age, would faine fine louers be.

The schoole

Which being in that schoole, doe proue, for all their paine,

By Frenzy mad, by Folly soles, or els by Fancy vaine.

My selfe can tell too well, for I haue sene the schoole,

And learned so long there till I prou'd moze halfe a very sole.

First Fancy dandled mee, and held mee in her lap :

And now and then, shee would mee seide, with worldly pleasures

Shee tould mee I was young, and I my youth must spend (pay.

In youthful spozte, I did not know, how soone my life would end:

We merry while I mought, set carke and care aside,

How mad were hee that mought in blisse, and would in bale abide:

Such sugred speach of hers had sone intrapt mee so,

That I did thinke, that did mee good, that wrought (in deed) my wo:

Remayning thus a while, at last I had an eye,

To see how Folly taught his Pouthes, and some rules by and by

My selfe began to learne: first this, for to be bould,

And to refuse to lend my eare, where good aduise was tould.

In foolish trifling toys to take a great delight:

To take in hand to prate of that, wherin I had no sight.

These rules I soone had learnd, but when I came to that,

Where Ruffins card & dice, and swear, and ware aside their hat

I read no farther then, but bp againe I went,

Unto my mistris Fancie fine: and straight downe shee mee sent

Unto the nether ende of all her schoole below,

Where Frenzy sat: and sweting hard, hee gan to puffe and blow.

He litle likte my minde, yet would I ye or no,

I learnd some of his raging rules, er I alway did go:

I learnd to fret and fume, though not to ban and curse,

And oft for grieft to sigh and sob and many times doo worse,

But yet I thanke my god I neuer had the will:

In greatestt franticke fit I felt, to seeke my selfe to kill.

But to make short my tale, his lessons likte me not,

But bp agayn in haste I went, to Fancie sond, god wot.

And lying in her lap, I fell a slepe anon,

Where slepinge so I dreamed soze that I was wo begon:

He thought that Wisdome came, and warned mee in hast,

To loth such lessons, as I learnd, er that my youth were past.

of Fancie.

For thou should be my sweete, and time would passe away :

The man is in his graue today, that liued yester day:

Thy life (o bee) pooze soule is like vnto a flower,

That groweth but in daunger still of cropping euery hower.

And if it be not crott, yet soone it will decay

And like the flower in litle time, it wither will away.

Thy pleasures wilbe paine, thy game will turne to greefe,

And thou wilt seke in vaine to late, when þ thou best finde releefe:

Arise thou sluggish slane, out of that lothsome lap

And be no longer like a babe, so fed with pleasures pap.

Lose no moze labo: so, in sutch a wittles schoole

where as the best that thou canst gaine, is but to p:oue a foole.

Study some better Art, so: lo thy wits will serue

To learne to doo, that may in time, a good reward deserue:

Better then best degree, that thou art like to take

In Fancies schoole: I tell thee plaine, therfoze I say awake,

Awake in haste awake, and vie thee hence I say,

Take warning in good time pooze soule, so: time will sone away:

But since that with sutch p:outhes, wo:ds seldome will p:euail,

With this same rod thou foolish boy I meane to breech thy tayle.

With which (me thought) bee gaue a icrke, that made mee smart :

Which soden smart, although but small, yet made me gine a start:

And in my starting so, I waked sodenly,

And so awakte, I cald to minde my bisson by and by.

Thus thinking on my dreame I heauy grew in minde,

Which by and by when Fancie fond, gan by my countenance finde

How now my youth (quoth shee) what ailes thee seeme so sad :

What canst thou thinke to cheare thy mind but that it shalbe had:

So no (quoth I) I not beleue these wo:ds of thine.

thou sausy slane (quoth she) darest þ mistrust these wo:ds of mine:

And therewith in a rage, shee threw me from her lap,

And with the fall belsh:ew her hart, I caught a cruell clap:

Therewith sumthing displeasd, why fine mistris (quoth I)

What can you bide no less alas, and therewith angerly:

Withouth o: taking leaue, o: any duty done,

From Fancie in a rage I slong and out of dozes I ronne.

The schoole

And being out of doze, these words me thought I sayd,
Fie on the Fancie flattering flirt, I holde me well aside:
That I am got away, out of thy skillesse schoole,
For now I see, thou wentest about, to make mee a right foole.
But now that I am out, by grace of god I sweare,
While I doo liue, if I can choose, neuer more to come there.
But Fancie hering this to make mee still to stay,
Do fetch mee in with pleasant sportes inuented many a way.
But when I did perceiue how nere mee still she came,
Then from her quite I song in hast, and so I left this dame.
So thus I tell you how, I came from Fancies schoole,
Where learning but a little while, I prou'd moze halfe a foole:
Wherefoze since my good hap, hath bin to come from thence,
Although with laboꝝ lost, in deede, and some, to mutch expence.
I now haue thought it good, to warne eche one my friend,
To keep themselves from Fancies schoole, and so I make an ende.

FINIS.

The



THE FORTE of Fancie.

The Argument.

AS Fancie hath a schoole, so hath shee too a Fort.
Of which, the cheifest points, my selfe, will sumwhat make report:
The ground wheron it standes, and the foundation then,
How it is built, how it is kept, and by what kinde of men.
What kinde of cheere shee keepes, who are her cheifest gesse.
What drink she drinks, who are her cookes, that al her meat do dres.
Whom most shee loues, who is her foe, and who againe her freende,
And how the Fort, may soone be scalde: and there to make an ende.

The Forte of Fancie.

The ground wheron it standes, is hauty Hare braine hill,
Hard by the thicke, I tolde you of, Wilde and wanton will:
The fond foundation is, false fortunes fickle Wheele,
Which neuer standes, but stil eache way is ready to
Now here, now there agayn, with every blast of winde, (rieler
Not as shee list, but as it most both please Dame Fortunes mynde,
The house it selfe is calde, The lodge of luckles loue.
Within the which, are diners romes, beneath and eake aboue:
The name inberof anon, I meane at large to shew,
But first, the outside of this house, I must declare, I trow:
The comming to the same, the walles, the gates, and then
The base courts, Courts, & gardens then, & then the gards of men.
The Porters to the dozes, the officers within,
And therfore thus, in order, I will now my tale begin.
The comming to the same, is by a great high way,
Faire beaten plaine, with fooles foot steps, and trodden enery day
The soile is pleasaunt sure, bedeckt with gallant flowers,
But being gathered once, wil scarce bide swart aboue two howers:
And in this soile, there standes, a Forrest large and wide, (bide:
Which is well strode with thicket & woods the beastes therein to
Of

The Forte

Of which great peece of ground, so; to declare the name,
The Forrest Sir of fooles it is, lo now you know the same:
And in this fforest now, this beaten way doth ly,
Which leadeth vnto Harebraine hill the right way redely.
At fote of this same hill, and round about the same,
There is a dicke which Deepe decepte, is called by that name:
Ouer this lies a Bridge, but trust me, very weake,
So; when you are on midst therof, then sodenly twill breake:
And downe into the dicke of Deepe decepte you fall,
Rise againe as you can your selfe, you get small helpe at all.
The bridge is calde The breache of perfect amitie,
Tis made of Hollow harts, of such as wanted honestie;
Which beeing rotten still, will neuer beare the waight
Of any man: but sodainly, downe castes him in deceipt.
Now Sir although you fall, no bones shall yet bee burst,
So; whatsoeuer hurt you take, you feele it not at first.
But being saue, if you can make a shift to swim,
Though it bee but a stroke o; two, yet you may get vp trim
Vnto the bankes therof, and so by shrubs that growe
Vpon the bankes, to make a shift, vp to the gate to goe:
But if you cannot swim you may catch such a fall,
That you may chauce vnto your cost, to catch a bruse withall.
Not swimming as in seas, so; feare in deepe to downe
But swimming sy; in Worldly wealth so; feare of falling downe.
But if that you can swim, then soone perhaps you may,
By shrubs and bushes to the gates make shift to finde a way.
Then being at the gates, there shall you standing finde
A pelting patch so; Porter there, of nature very kinde:
His name is Daliance, a foolish crafty knave
Who needeth not to let you in, too much intreatie haue.
Welcome good Sir (saith hee) now trust mee by my say,
I thinke that you haue traualled a wery peece of way,
Wilt please you to go in, and take a little rest:
Thus by the Porter Daliance you go in as a guest.
Now if vp to the gate you cannot finde the way,
Then lustily to scale the walles you must sum what assay.

Which

of Fancie.

Which walles you some may scale, if you will take the payn,
O els may quickly beat them down, with batell of your byayne:
Few are to make defence, and such as are, will stay
Where hands from doing harm to you, but rather make you way.
And shall I show in kinde, what gallants you shall see:
That so, to garde this Forte are set, and what their wepons bee:
It were a spoyle to tell, to set them out in kinde:
Well, I will show them all, as well as I can beare in minde.
First lo, a Garde of Geese, and Ganders in one ranche,
With duntie Duckes and Drakes garde by, vpon an other banche:
A sight of Asses then, there stood in battell ray,
With lacke an apes on their backs: and they stode in the way
That leades vnto the Court: further you cannot passe,
Except you let a lacke a napes, to ride you like an Ass.
But if you will do so, then may you passe by straight
Into th'inner court (so, soth) where long you shall not waight.
But out vnto the doze, cums out an officer,
And gently shir into the Hall, this man will you prefer.
But now Sir, will you know, what meanes these Armies so
That stands to garde dame Fancies fore? well marks and you shall
The garde of Geese, are first vngracious graffes of youth (knows
That wallow euery wanton way, and misse the tract of truth:
The Duckes (good Syz) are Doultis. as well both younge as olde,
That in that carelesse court, are set to keepe a foolish holde.
The Asses, they are Louts. of wisdom none at all,
Yet haue a certaine kinde of wit, to play the soles with all.
The Apes that rides them now, and rules them euery way,
And turne their beds which way they list, a thousand times a day
Are Foolish apish toyes. fond beds so, to delite:
Not voide of reason vtterly, though boyd of wisdom quite.
Their Weapons are their Tongues, wherwith they make a cry,
Away I say, away, stand backe, soft Syz, you come not by:
But if so bee they see, one ridden like an Ass,
Then will they make but small adoe, but let him gently passe.
Now Syz, thus like an Ass, he goes to the Hall dooze,
And there becomes a Man againe, and standes an Ass no moze:

The Forte

Yet though his eares grow short, he is not altered so,
 But he shall beare an Asles hee, where euer so he go.
 And hee Man o' Asle, lacke an apes hee must beare
 As long as hee is in that Forte, o' els hee bides not there.
 Now hee, at the hall doze, the poster Pleasure standes,
 Hee lookes so, er hee farther go, some mony at his bandes:
 Hee lets in none so; thanks, hee must haue mony, hee,
 Hee goes net in els, I am sure, so; so hee delt with mee.
 But if hee him rewarde, he brings him to the Hall,
 And there the Vsher by and by, god hee, hee meetes withall:
 Hee entertaines you then, in such a pleasaunt wise,
 As makes you thinke, you are ariude, in place of Paradise.
 Not long hee bides with you, but to the Chamberlaine
 Hee brings you vp, where curiously hee doth you entertaine
 With *bezoles manos*, imbrassings downe to knee:
 With Cap of curtisie: and a grace, the bruest that may be.
 This is a gentle youth, but er I farther go,
 The names of these same Officers, I plainly meane to shew:
 The Vsher of the hall, is called *vaine delight*:
 Hee entertaineth none, except hee bee some witles wight.
 The Chamberlaine is called *curiositie*,
 And fellow with this *vaine delight*, and of affinitie:
 For at request of this, his fellow, *Fond delight*,
 Hee brings you where of Fancie faire, you sone may haue a sight
 And if you like him well, hee woakes so in the ende, (frand.
 That hee will in your sute so;th with, cause Fancie stande your
 To Fancie then god hee, hee brings you by and by,
 And there may you behould her, how shee sitteth gallantlie:
 Her chamber large and long, bedde with thousand toies:
 Braue hanging clothes of rare deuise, pictures of naked boies,
 And giles too now and then, of sixtene yeares of age:
 That will within a yeare o' two, grow fit so; marriage.
 But they must haue a Lawne, a Scarfe, o' some such toy,
 To shroud there shamefastnes with all: but if it be a boy,
 Hee standes without a Lawne, as naked as my nasse:
 For Fancie hath a spozte sumtime, to see a naked taylor.

Besides

of Fancie.

Besides in pictures too, and toies of strating deuise
With fozles of oulb Robin hood, and Walter litle wis
Some shewes of warre long since, and Captaines wounded foz,
And souldiers slaine, at one conflict, a thousand men and more.
Of hunting of wilde beastes, as Lions, Boies and Beares,
To see how one an other oft, in sunder straungly feares.
Of gallant Citties, Townes, of Gardens, flowers, and trees :
Of choise of pleasant herbs, and fruits, and such like toies as these
These hang about the walles, the fozze now is strode
With pleasant flowers, herbs & sweets, which in her garde grode.
But now, the names of them I purpose to descrie:
In keede of *Fennell* *Hy*, the first, is Flatterie :
The other herbe is *sauines*, in keede of Sauoir
In keede of *basell*, now there lieth Brauerie :
And so; sweet sothern wood, againe is secret Slauerie :
In keede of *Isop*, now there lies Inuencion :
And in the keede of *Camemell*, there lies Confusion :
The flowers now are these, in keede of *Gilliflowers*,
Faie iestes : that last not sweet alas, aboue two or thre holuzes :
Foz *Roses*, *Rages* : which will not so sone decay,
Foz *Pansies*, Pretie practises, that alter many a way :
Foz *Marigolder*, *Mischiefe* : *foz* *Walsflowers*, *Wantonnes* :
Foz *Pinckes*, *Presumption* : *foz* *Buttons*, *Busines* :
Foz *Daisies*, *Doubtfulnes* : *foz* *Violets*, *Viciousnes* :
Foz *Primroses*, *Foolish pride* : *foz* *conslips*, *Carelesnes* :
With these flowers and herbs, with many mo (god wot)
Doth Fancie grow her Chamber flower, which I remember not.
Polw *Hy*, in this same roome, thus bzaucely beded,
Doth Fancie in her bzauerie : and *Hy* in eache respect,
So serued in her kinde, with her fine Chamberlaine,
That not *foz* any thing she bath, that shee needes to take payne.
Fine *Curiositie* her Chamberlaine doth all
The seruice in her chamber, *Hy* : but the *Vsher* in the Hall,
See doth her seruise too, although, not all so neere
Her person, as her Chamberlaine : shee houldeth him more deere.

The Forte

The order how she sits, is this syz, in a Chaire,
Fine carued out with Caruers worke, and conerd very faire:
With a strapping kinde of stuffe, the colour is al green, (selbom sénz
Byang frindge and hangde, with two fine Pearles, the like but
Now syz, her Chaire (in dede) is but a Youthfull braine,
Whose head is very græne, in dede: the Frindge, to tell you plaine
Are Heares vpon the head: the Pearles, they are the Eyes:
Fast set vnto the head (good syz:) and lo thus in this wise,
I shew you Fancies seat: But if the eies did see
What great dishonour tis to them, in Fancies chaire too be:
They rather would fall of, then hange in sutch a place,
Where they are rulde, when they mought rule, and so to gayne
But be they as they be, I shew you how they be: (disgrace.
Belæue me, when that you come there, then you your self shal see.
Well syz, thus Fancie sits, befoze whom you must stand,
Till she her selfe doo bid you come, and take her by the hand:
And that she soone will do, for she is curteous,
And where she takes a liking too, she is as amorous.
Now being come to you, these woordes first she will say,
Shee will bee asking how at first, you thither found the way?
Wherto your answer made, then shee will take the paine
To shew you all her romes within, and shee will entertaine
You in so bzaue a sojze, that you shall thinke, a while,
You are in heauen: with sugred speech shee will you so beguile.
Now first shee leades you in, into her Garden gay
Shee shews you flowers, but tels you not, how soone they will decay.
Shee tels you this bzaue tree, a gallant fruit will beare,
This is a gallant Princely Plum, and this as fine a Peare:
This is a Pippen right, this is a Filberde fine:
This is a Damson delicate, but few sutch fruits as mine:
When God hee knowes, the tree, whose fruits shee bzaggess on so,
Is but a plant of peeuishnes, and bzings forth fruits of wo.
Her Plum, is but a Pate that puffed is with pride,
Which either quickly rotten growes or bzreakes out on some side.
Her Peare is an olde plant that bzingeth Outward ioy,
To fight, at least: but eaten once, will choke you with annoy.

Her

of Fancie.

Per Pippen is a *crabbe*, that growes on S. Johns wood,
Which makes a shew of a faire fruit, but in taste is not good.
This is a Secreat fo, that seemes a Faithfull freend,
But will be sure, who trust in him, to saile them in the end.
Per Filberds haue faire shales, but Carrels all are gone:
Per Damsons are deceitfull fruits as hard as any stone:
Harde: howe not hard in hand, no; very hard in taste:
But being swallowed, very hard for to digest at last.
These Trees with many mo, which I not call to minde,
In Fancies gallant Garden plot, you shalbe sure to finde.
Now in this Gardain more, alas, I had forgot:
About the midst therof (I gesse) there standes a pretty plot,
Wherin is made a Maze, all bordered with Wilde beere,
Set all about the bankes with Rue, that grew there many a yere.
Just in the midst wherof, a huge high Mount doth stand,
Which grew by nature in y place, not made by Gardeners hand.
The Hill on the one side, is made much like a Harte,
And as like to a Hed againe vpon the other parte.
And in this Mount, there dwels a number of mad men:
Some mad in hart, and some in hed, and euery one his den.
Vpon the Harte side, stands The caue of crueltie,
A currish knaue, which with his teeth, still gnawing close doth lie.
By him bath soule Despight a filthy Den likewise,
Which in that lothsome lodge of his, still fretting daily lyes.
By him horrible Hate, bath eke a kinde of Caue,
Like a soule hole: but good enough for such a filthy slaue:
Vpon the hed side now, lies Melancoly first,
Hee beates his head with studie so, as if his bzaines would burst.
By him vile Enuie next, soule fiend with fiery eyes
Bound about hed with Serpent skinner, in lothsome maner lies.
Right ouer him doth keepe, fierce Frenzie in his caue:
Hee frets, hee fumes, hee stampes and stares, & neuer lins to raue
About them all, vpon the top of this same hill,
Dwels Madnes, Paister of them all: and with him, witless Will:
His lodge is like a house, that had bin built of stone,
That had bin overthrowen, and nought left but the walles alone:

The Forte. 110

It hath a kinde of rase, but all vnconceiued:
So that the raine vpon him fallcs, as hee lies in his bed.
And so; the manner now how he lies, credit mee,
It is the straungest sight me thinkes, that euer I did see.
His Bedd is of Wood, ingranen with Vgly faces:
And standes more halfe a sunder, burst in twenty sundry places:
His Bed with fethers stuf, but all the Downe flowne out:
And those that bide, are stubbo;ne quilles, y pricke him round a-
Upon an ould crackt fozme, by his bedside there lyes, (hout.
Duld instruments of Musicks sound, all broke in wondrous wise.
A Lute, with but thzee strings, and all the pinnes nere out:
The belly crackt, the bache quite burst, and riuen round about:
His Virginals, with nener a iacke, and halfe the keyes.
His Organes, with the bellowes burst, and battred many wayes.
His fife, thzee holes in one: his Harpe, with nere a stringe:
Great pittie trust mee so; to see, so broken euery thinge:
A Pen and Inke hee hath and Paper too hard by,
But paper quite in pices to;ne, pen burst and Inkbayne drie.
He feedes of fancies fruites, that in her Garden growe,
He drinks of Drugges of foule Despight, a beastly broth I trow.
He feares no heate nor colde, so; if with heate he glow,
The waues of woe will coole him freight, y there by Tides do flow
For through this fozrest runnes, The Seas of sorrow so;e:
Whose waues do beate against this Forte, that bo;dereth on the
And if with colde he quake, the heate of raging ire (wo;e.
Will quickly warme him so, that he shall neede none other fire;
In raging franticke fittes, he passeth forth the day
In strange perplexities, himselfe tormenting many a way.
Amonge many mad toyes, I saw him play one parte,
With looke full fierce I saw him holde, a Dagger to his Hart
Kedic to kill himselfe, and with his beare vp;right,
He cried, he would rather die, then bide satche deepe dispiht:
At which same crie of his, me thought, that euery one
Within their Caues, all sodeinly did make a piteous mone:
With which amazed halfe, not knowing what to say,
By helpe of God, I know not how, but straight I got away.

And

of Fancie.

And then I was agayne, with fancie by and by,
Out of the Maze in her Gardeine: to he led me presenting,
As she will you likewise, if you will: backe againe
Into her house: where you will thinke, in heauen so; to remaine.
The Entrie first befoze you come vnto the Hall,
Is set out gallantly with toyes, and that of cost not small.
The Pauements are of stones, which Hard hart haue to name,
They grow all in a minde of man, and thence she hath the same:
About the Entrie walles, do hange deuises straunge:
And by the bauerie of the same, mutche like the Low exchange.
From Entrie then you come, straight way vnto the Hall:
And that with manie Jewels riche, is hanged rounde withall
The roome it selfe is long and therewith somewhat wide,
And so; the fashion in my minde, not much vnlike Cheape-side:
There hang great stoze of gaudes, of which the Vsher straight
Doth offer to Dame fancies eie, and therfore there doth waite
Chaines, Jewels, Caps & Pots: Pearls, precious stones & Rings
Fine whistles, Corals, Buttons, Beads, & such like costly things
Fine Bowches so; your Hat, fine Aglets so; your Cap,
Fine Tablets so; a gallant dame, to hang befoze her lap.
These things with many mo in this same Cheape-side Hall
Hath Vaine delight, to please Fancie his Mistris minde withall.
Now though shee see them all, her Chamberlain must chuse
What hee best thinke will like her minde, & what she wil refuse.
That chamberlaine (you know) is Curiofitie
Hee euer choiceth all the ware, that Fancie fond doth buye.
Now from the Hall, vnto the Parlor straight you go
Which as the Hall with Jewels riche is brancely hanged so:
The roome is long, not large, I met it not with fete,
But as I gesse, in fashion tis, much like to Lombarde streete:
This roome the Vsher too, doth looke too with the Hall:
Well, there within a litle while, you quickly will see all:
Which beeing seene, you passe into the other roome,
Which called is her Councing house: wherin when you be come,
There shall you see her bookes, that treates of many toyes
And most of them doo shew, the cause of louers greifes & toyes.

The Forte

Some volumes they, do treat of naught but Vanitate
But very few that speaks a word of perfect Sanitate
Some ancient authors write, De arte a mandi.
Which who so studies thoroughly, runne mad or ere hee die.
And in the steed of Tullies workes, written De officijs,
There standes Tom catlers treatise they, De fine brandicij:
Among the rest are some, Belle discorde d' amore,
And some do write discourses, De graundissimo dolore:
Some booke doo make discourse of Pride and Foule disdayne,
Some letters Amatorie are: some of Dispite agayne.
Some Pretie pamphlets are, some Posies, Satirs some:
Some doo discourse of Falconrie, and some of Day of doome.
And they are called Drommes: and some tell pretie tales
Of Lapwings, Swallowes, Resant rockes, & noble Fightingales
Some Songes and Sonets are, and some are Louers layes,
Some Poets paint The panges of loue, a thousand sundry wayes.
Now with such bookes as these, with other such like toys,
Doth Fancie stoze her Counting house, so to instruct her boyes
And girles too now and than: at least if they doo reede,
And in such vaine Discourses, most her selfe delightes in deede.
Now they, when you haue seene her fine Librarie there:
Shew shew you then her other roomes, & leads you euery where.
But sure her Counting house, of all that ere I see,
Is built as like to Poules Church yarde, as euer it may bee.
Now next shee leades you too, her Wardrobe of fine cloth,
Of diuers kindes of colours they: what laugh you they of trothe &
Beleeue mee, when that you to Fancies fort doo go:
And if you come into her court, then you shall finde it so.
The colours of her cloth, are faire and very gay:
White, Red, Blew, Greene, Carnation, Yealow, & Poppingay.
Of blackes but very few: but other colours stoze,
Of mingled colours, or such as I tolde you of before.
Now shee that keepees that roome, is a young pleasant dame
And Wantonnes, I trow it bee, that Fancie calles her name
Now Wantonnes againe, shee keepees a pretie knaue
That every day, deuiseeth still, new fashions so to haue:

of Fancie.

He bath a knauing head, fine knaches for to inuent,
Wherof good Ropes of cloth, in haire in fashions may be spent:
In gardes, in weltes, and tags, in laying cloth vpon cloth:
And this same youth a Tailor is, for men and women both.
His name is Fond deuise: hee came of Apish race,
A man, for such a mistis mate, and sit for such a place.
But for dame Fancie fine, no garments shee makes
But first the beu her Chamberlaine Curiositie takes:
And if hee like it well, then will she stand content,
If not, his labour all is lost, and cost in vaine is spent.
Now this same Wardrop shee, is likeliest in my minde,
To Wading streete, of any place, that euer I could finde.
Now shee, from thence you come when you haue seene all there:
You go into her Gallarie, a roome that I dare sweare
The like is seldeome seene, for gallant setting out:
If one should be trauaile euerie daie, almost the worlde about
For choice of gallant stuffe, and fine deuises strange
No place so like that ere I see, as is The high Exchange:
Such purses, gloves, and pointes, of cost and fashion rare
Such cutworkes, partlets, lutes of latone, bongraces, & such ware:
Such gorgets, sleeves, and ruffles, linings for golowes, and callies,
Coiffes, crippins, coznets, billaments, muske boxes, & sweet balles
Pincases, picketowes, bearde brushes, comes, needles, glasses, belles
And manye such like toies, as these: that Gaine to fancie sels.
But yet of all these toies, not one will Fancie buye,
Except, they first be looked on by Curiositie:
But folleie manie times, standes at his elbow so,
That makes him chuse the worse sumtime, and let the better go:
Well, there not longe you bide, but downe you come againe
Into the hall beneath good shee, where longe you not remaine:
But to the Kitchin freight, shee so:thwith leadeth thee:
Where, how shee dresseth all hir meate, the order thou shalt see
And what kinde cokes she bath, and how they make their fyre,
To roast, to seeth, to boile, to bake, and what you will desire:
The roome is narrow shee, in which a Hart all bare
On which the Cooke, powers on his coales, & kindels the with care,

D

Then

The Forte

Then layes he to the spyt, if any meate be roast,
 And if the fyre be once a flame, then it begins to toast,
 The meate that most he roastes, for Fancies dantie tooth,
 Are Partridges, larkes, plouers greene, & such fine soules (for sooth)
 The Coles are made of stickes, of stuborne youth (god wot)
 which kinde quickelie of themselves, and blowinge needeth not :
 The kinde of woode is Will, byie without Sapience sappe :
 The lobcroke Lust, from chrislesse thicke, both bying the in his lay :
 Which wood with lying still, is growne so very byie,
 That with a Sparke of Sporte, alas, they kinde by and by.
 The Cooke is Carelesse calde: the soules he roastes are these:
 For Larkes, are *lookes* : for Plouers, *thoughts* : for Partridge, *practises* :
 The Larkes, are *Lookes* : which when they liue, doe flye :
 But beinge stroken deade, they serue for Fancie by and by :
 The Partridge, *practises* : which liuing, seeme so good,
 That they are put vnto the fyre, to serue for Fancies foode :
 For, as the Partridge keepes hir selfe close to the ground,
 Because by colour of hir coate, she may not so bee sounde :
 So *practises*, that shift : to keepe themselves vnseene,
 Are soules most fit for Fancies tooth, and now for Plouers greene
Greene thoughts, that flye about : now beere, now there againe :
 But if by chaunce, by Cupids dart, they hap for to be slaine .
 Then lying but a while, at this same flaminge fyre,
 They make in daide a meate that most, Fonde Fancie both desyre,
 Now hauing seene all this, then shall you see harde by
 The Pastrie, Meale house, and the roome wheras the Coales do ly :
 The Coalehouse, is a *caue of care and miserie* .
 The Pastrie is a *place of open patcherie* .
 The Mealehouse, is a *place with seate mischiefe fraught*
 For sure, the Meale is made of Cozne, & is much worse the naught.
 The Corne is called Rye : and diuerse kindes there bee.
 Of this same Rye : as you your self, when you are there shall see :
 For there is one kinde, Rye, is called *knauerie* :
 An other Flatterie, with Trecherie, and Patcherie :
 An other Trumperie, an other Mockerie,
 And Baudrie too : and yet the best is but a kinde of Rye,

Whereof

of Fancie.

Whereof the Meale is made, that maketh Fancies breede :

And that is baked in the bzaïne, of a hot foolish head :

The Ozaïne is sowne by sondrie slaues : of which one Beaslinesse,

The other Secrete faulnesse : an other Traiterousnesse,

An other Piushnes, and an other Wilfulnesse,

With Loutishnesse, and many mo, which I cannot expresse :

And reaped by such slaues, too Fancie, slaues, in vaine

Which bringe the Cozne, into The Barne of beggerie, with spade :

They now that theste the Cozne, are two stronge sturdie knaues,

Who haue great betels in their hands, in steed of Threshing slaues

Of whome to tell the names, first, Lobcocke little wit,

And Waywarde will : a god tough knaue, hee stands, his fellow sit,

They with their Betels in their handes, or heades at least,

Do make it readie for the Mill : then he that grindes the graist,

Is, Manie better say, an arrante craftie knaue,

Who with his toulinge, wilbe sure, a god rounde gaine to haue.

Now say, this Mill doth stande, vpon an Hill on hie,

Whose sailes are driuen by blasts of winde, and so grinde merely.

Now say, the Cozne thus grounde, to Fancies Forte streight way

The Miller comes and : in the house there down his speale doth lay

Now say, when you haue bene, in all these offices,

And that at Fancies handes, you finde such lone and gentlenesse,

To shewe you all hir house : but soft, I had forgot,

To speake of hir Bed Chamber fine, which now say, I will not

Let slippe for any thinge : the Roome it selfe is rounde,

And in the night doth stand hir Bed, with Curtens bzanely bound.

The Walles hangde all with Hope, on thone side herie faire :

Vpon the other side againe, darke hangings of dispaire.

Strange pictures by hir Bed : on thone side, sites of greefe,

On thother side, to euerie pange, a present sweet releefe.

Vpon the one side, sweet accorde, on thother dire debate,

Vpon the one side, Naked loue : on thother, Couerde hate.

On thone side, Prodigies, with pleasaunt Dames in Joye,

On thother side, Chauing Peascods : in graie and greate anoye.

These diuers contraries, with manie thousandes mo,

When Fancie gazeth on a while, she is amazed so,

D.ij.

That

The Forte

What musinge is a while, she slumbzeth at the last,
And being in a slumber so, she sleepeth, but not fast :
Her Bed is all of Downe, whereon she lies so soft,
As any Lacie in this land : and at her Bed a list,
Are written in faire hande, and easie so, to reede :
(Although I seeme a louelie dame, I lothsome am in deede)

This solempne sentence, who euer so doth see,

And doth consider the contentes, will neuer like of me.

Her bedde is thus bedecte : the curteynes are of Saye,
Not greene, no, yealow, red, no, blew, no, white, no, poppingaye
No Silke no, (Cruell saye, what then moie be the same :
This Say is calde, saye for thy selfe, lo nowe ye knowe the name.

Her Couering, curious cost : her Blankets, Louers blisse :

Her Sheettes, are shifter : to shroud her self. Her quiltes, are quidities.

Her Pillowes, they are poyntes : that louers leape vpon.

Her Bolster, is a beggars bagge : when coine and goods are gone.

Her Bed she lies vpon is a younge mellowe braine :

where Fancie softlie lies and sleepes, and neuer feelith paine.

And of such beds, she hath such store of choise (by roode)

That (if so be) she like not one, an other is as good.

Of which, some are so soft, that she doth like them so,

That with her liynge in them long, they moze halfe rotten growe :

And if they be not turned, or ere they go to farre,

In time, both braine, and bedde, and all, she wilbe sure to marre.

Thus shall you see her bed, and chamber brauely deckte :

And every roome within her house, set out in eche respect,

So gallantlie : that as I saide, I saie againe,

You sure will thinke (at first) a while, in heauen so, to remaine.

Thus, when that Fancie fine, hath led you rounde about.

Her statelie house, in euerie roome : then shall you see a loute,

Come with a napkin fine, about his bodie bounde,

Into the chamber, there where first dame fancie fine you founde :

He comes to laie a cloth, vpon Dame fancies bourde :

And then to bringe in all hir cates : and trust me (at a woide)

It is so strange a sighte, to see her serued so,

As I shall neuer see the like, where euer so I go.

Her

of Fancie.

Her Table is a Forme, that stands without a frame.

And none but she and her compeeres, can sit vpon the same :

Her Stooles, stande without sette, I cannot shew you how,

Though I haue seene them (credite me) I haue forgot them now.

But you shall see them there, if thither you will go.

Now Sir, when you are there, and see this order too,

Then vnto dinner streight, she goeth by and by :

There shall you see her fine Compeeres, that beare her companie.

First, vpper most she sittes, in a great maiestie :

Then sits there downe by her a dame, called Ladie vanicie.

Then downe sits her Compeeres, Follie and Franſie both :

Such companie, as soe to keepe, a wiseman woulde be loth.

Her Waitors at her boorde, are Curiositie

Her Chamberline : and next to him stands Carelesnesse hard by :

The Cooke that drest the meate : then Nodcok naturall,

Then lacke an apes, and busie bee, worst maner'd of them all :

Thus furnish'd is this boorde, with waitors in such sort :

The meates whereof she feedeth most, I neede not make report,

I spake of them before : but soe her kinde of drinke,

So beere, noe ale, noe wine it is : and what then doe you thinke :

It is a drinke compos'de, of drugges of diuers sortes.

Discourtesie, Disdaine, Dispihc : and mingled with Disportes,

Sappe of faire Semblance, with secret simulation.

With loice of herbes of hollow hartes, and faithfull protestation :

These drugges with manie mo, puts Fancie in her drinke,

Which though they sumwhat please the tast, yet make the bosome

And workes so in their heads, that are not vsed therto, (stinke :

That makes the more half mad : soe greif, they know not what to do

Now say, this is her drinke, her meate before you know,

Her seruantes I haue shewne you too, that do attende her so.

Now say, when you haue fed, of Fancies fare one daie :

I doe beleene that you will wishe, your selfe, next day away.

I promise you (of troth) I did when I was there,

And I woulde not be there againe, soe twentie pounde I sweare.

And more then wishinge too, at boorde a louds I cride :

I woulde I were awate, this fare, I cannot abide.

D.iii.

Which

In dispight of Fancie.

Which when that Fancie sawe, she tooke me from the boorde,
And thrust me out of doores, in hast, not speakinge any woorde.
And longe me downe the steares, wherewith I caught a fall.
That groued me soze: but yet (me thought) I good cōtent with al.
The vsuer of the Hall, he tooke mee by and by,
And out of doores too in like sozte, he thrust me presently.
Then eueri lacke an apes that rid vpon an Asse,
Was ready so; to ride me still, as I the Courte did passe.
The Geese and Ganders hist, the Duckes cribe quack at mee:
Thus euerie one woulde haue a flyst, ere I coulde get out frē.
The Porter Daliaunce, hee dzaue me out in hast,
And thrust me down so harde the Hill, my neck was almost bcast.
And by I rose againe, though bzaused verie soze,
And ment, if once I gat a waie, so; to come there no moze.
Well, limpinge as I coulde, I hit the beaten waie,
Of foolcs footc stepps: thzough Forrest back, that led me so astrate.
And backe againe I came, to Learninges narrow lane,
And there I hit The trackt of Trath, that I shoulc first haue tane,
That leanes the Forrest quite: which when I had hit on,
I staide a while, and there my walke I gan to thincke vpon:
And thincking so, I saw a scholler comming by,
That came from learned Vertues Schoole: and sighing beaueley,
I caloe him vnto me, and tolde him of my wo,
Of my soze fall, from Fancies Forte, and how I caught it so.
Which when that he had harde, he tooke me by the hande,
And beeing verie weake (in daie) scarce able so; to stande.
He led me to a house of Wisdome, an olde man,
His father (as he saide) he was: and there I rested than.
This Gentle youth, if I doe not forget the same,
Is Honest Reason: so I thincke, his father cald his name.
Where, beeing but a while, my tale I gan to tell,
To him, of this my gentle walke: wherent he laughed well.
And laughinge so, (quod he) go youth, here take a booke,
And wryte now so; remēbrance thine, y when thou chance to loke
vpon the same againe, then thou mayest take herde still.
Of leauinge Wisdoms narrow Lane, and follow wanton will.

of Fancie.

So thus at his commaunde, I wrot it by and by,
And this it was, beloeue me now, or els (at least) I lye.

FINIS.



IN DISPIGHT

of Fancie.



O, feeble Fancie, now thy force is nothing worth,
Thou hadst me in thy Castell once, but now I am got forth
Thou haart a gallant flagge of lustie bauerie,
But I haue sene y all thy shewe, is but mere knauerie.
Thy fethers flaunt a flaunte, are blowne awaie with winde,
And Falshood is the trustie Troch, that one in the shall finde.
Thy valure is but vaunts, thy weapons are but wordes,
Thou blest Shales, in steede of Shot, and signes in steede of swords.
Thy Forte is of no force, each soles maie scale the same.
And thou thy selfe art but a flirt, and not a noble Dame.
As some doe thee accompt, I know thee too too well,
And none but Dawes, and Doltes, within thy foolish Forte doe dwell.
Thy castell is in daere, a Caue of miserie,
A place in shoxt space so; to bring a man to beggerie.
Thy Forte defended is, by Duckes and gardes of Geese,
By lacke an Apes, Asses tw, and such gallants as these.
Thy deepe delight is all in foolish tridinge toyes,
Thou makest a man in things of nought, to set his chiefest ioyes.
Thy Schoole maie well be called, The Schoole of littell skill,
Thy Schoolers most are waywarde wits that follow wanton will.

Thy

In dispight of Fancie.

Thy Lessons lothsome are, thy selfe a spittie to
Of nought but Mischiefe which thou most wilt make thy Schollers
Thy Pleasure breeds Mans paine, thy Game doth turn to Greefe, (ow
Thou makest many Deadly woe, but few wilt lend reliefe.
Thou makest a man to gaine Dishonour and Defame,
Thou makest him thinke a Stinking Slut too be a Gallant dame.
Thou makest him Hang on hope, and dwelne in Deepe dispaire:
Thou makest him like a mome to build, High Castels in the ayre.
Thou makest him thinke Black, White, & when that all is knowne
Thou makest him Like an asse to see A fooles head of his owne.
Thou art The cause of care, but comfort very small,
And so what euer is amisse thou art the cause of all.
My selfe haue seene all this that I report and moze,
Thou madest mee thinke y^e did mee good, that greened me ful soze
But long I was so blinde, thou so hast bind my sight,
That I could neuer see the craft of this thy deepe dispight.
Till I out of thy Forte, was clerely got away,
And came to Graue aduises house, where now I hope to stay.
Where when I was arriued by helpe of a deere frende:
Trewerason, one with whom I meane, to keepe till life do ende.
Now when that I came there, he did declare to me
What ment that foolish Forte of thine, and all that I did se.
Which when I well had markt, I did not all repent,
My labour in my Journey so, although my cost I spent.
Because thy nature so, and deeds I did discry,
Which deeds of thine, I doe detest, and thet I doe desle.
And now vnto the worlde, in deepe despight of thee,
I shew what a haine stirte thou art, that euery man may see.
I haue set out thy Forte, thy Force, and eke thy Schoole
Thy Vshers to that teach therein, a mad man and a foole.
Thy lothsom lessons to, and how by greate good happe
I am got out, although longe first, out of thy lothsome lappe.
What shall I farther say, I haue set out in kinde,
Cebe peruis point I know in thee, soz euery man to finde,
Therefore let fall thy slagge, and all thy bauerie,
I haue at large I thinke, set out thy subtilt slauerie:

And

In despight of Fancie.

And that in such a sort, as who so list to read,
My whole discourse of thy discrip't, will learne so; to take heed.
Of all thy gallant shewe, they know now what it is,
Thou long hast liued unknowne alas, but now discrib'de this.
And so; my selfe, thy Forte I know so well I sweare,
That I doe meane to keepe me thence and neuer to come there,
But if I doe looke by, and follow thee againe,
Then keepe me fast within the Forte, and plague me so; my paine.
But trust I meane it not, with Reason here my frende,
I meane to liue in thy despight, and so I make an ende.
And yet befo;e I make a flat ende ere I go,
I will discharge my stomacks quite, and bid thee farwell so.

FINIS.



¶ A Foole, Dame Fancies man,
speakes in defence
of his Mistris.



That meanes that mad man troe, that railles on Fancie so:
That sekes to do hir such despight, & sweres himselfe hir so
The man mistakes himselfe, it is not Fancie sure,
That so; to fall into such rage, doth him so much procure,
Why Fancie is a frende, to enerie courteous Knight,
Why Fancie is the chiefest thinge, that doth the minde delight.
Why Fancie was the cause, wonders first were founde,
Of manie fine deuises strange, first Fancie was the grounde.

¶

¶

In the defence of Fancie.

Why, Fancie is the thinge, that moueth men to loue,
And tells the Louers what to do, as best for their behoue.
Fancie, findes prettie toys, to please each Courtlie Dame,
Fancie to passe the time in spozte, inuenteth many a game.
To Courtiers many one, a good frende Fancie standes,
She makes them reape good liking, at their louing Ladies hands
Shee made the Ports olde, deuices to indite,
Which they in wytinge left behinde, for other mens delight.
Shee seeketh vnto none, but many seeke to hir:
And those who are seruants still, shee seeketh to preferre
To high degree in time: and that in Court (perchaunce)
Shee helpeth them, and many waies, doth seeke them to aduance.
Now som (perhaps) againe, that are of grossest wit,
And by their dispositions, for Follie Schollers fit.
Those now (perhaps) in daide, she letteth all alone,
With Follie onelic to rewarde, and them regardeth none.
But those that are againe of quicke capacitie,
Who can consider Vertue wise, from Foolish Vanitie.
Such men she chafelie loues, and such although they know hir
Shall haue small cause in tract of time, in daide for to beshrow hir.
I may not speake too much, for I am partiall:
But what I haue saide, it is true, for I haue tride it all.
And therefore sure the man, that rayleth on hir so,
Hath done hir wronge, without iust cause, to stand so much hir so.
Faire wordes are euer best, backebitinge is too bad.
And therefore I do thinck the man, is either vronke or mad,
That seekes hir such dispight, so much without desarte.
And by hir countenance it seemes, it græues hir to the harte.
To be so much abuse, but what, no remeable,
A wicked tongue doth saie amisse, and will doe till he die:

FINIS.

THE LAMENTATION of Fancie.



Las poore silly wretch, now maifest thou weepe and waile,
 For now thy Forte is of no force, thou canst no more pre-
 Fancie let fall thy flag, thy dyauerie is discorde, (waile.
 Thy Quits are sene, where with thou thoughtest, thy self
 The man is got a way, who late I entertainde: (from sight to hide
 And so by him I am defamde, and all my state is stainde.
 Why did I not him feede, with some more sweet repaste?
 Why did I not deuise to dresse, some toy to please his taste?
 I put into his drinke, too much Drugges of dispight,
 Thou moughtst allayd the bitternes, with diammones of sweet delight
 Why didst thou in a rage, first singe him from thy lappe?
 And leaue to feede him any more, with worldly pleasures pop?
 Why did I in my rage, not speakinge anie worde:
 Take him so roughlie at the first, and set him from my boorde?
 And thrust him out of doores, in such a scornefull wise:
 Thou hadst bene better let him dinde, and let himselfe to rise.
 Why didst thou throw him downe the staires in such a soyle?
 That hee of thy discourtesie may iustlie make repoyt.
 And bringe salne downe so, why didst thou Vaine delight
 Thrust him out of doores by force, in such dispight?
 You lacke an Apeses too, why caught you at him so?
 To ride him like an Asse, as he alonge the Courte did go.
 Why did you bisse you Geese: and Duckes why cride you quacke,
 To raile on him: why did you not more gently let him packe?
 Why didst thou Daliaunce, so thrust him out of doore?
 That made him catch so great a fall, and bzuze himself so soze.
 Alas what blame I you: my selfe I ought to blame,
 For if I had forbidden it, you had not done the same:
 Coulede none of all my flowers, so faire and sweete of smell,
 Cause him to haue desire againe, within my Forte to dwell:

The Lamentation of Fancie,

Could not my Bodchamber, with all my Pictures faire,
Make him yet ere he die againe, thither to make repaire.
Alasse, I feare he sawe the wordes at my Beds hed.
And out of doubt I feare in dede, that sentence he hath receiue.
And that hath caused him, to loth my Bed and me,
But could not all the other sightes, that in the Chamber hee
Did see to moue delight, make him forget the same,
Oh no, well Fancie yet seeke none at all to blame,
But euen thy onely selfe, who takest so small regarde
Vnto a Stranger in such soyle, and handle him so harde.
Well, since that hee is gone, and that I am discried,
And that from him my shifts alasse, I can no longer hide
I must a warninge take, the next that come againe,
Vnto my Forre so; seruice mine, better to entertaine.
And though he thus begon, I doubt not but there be,
Some youtnes a broode yet in the worlde, y wil come seeke out me,
But all that I can euer haue, to ease my paine,
Will neuer doe me halfe that good, as to see him againe.
Which if I euer haue, I now not sorrow soo,
But I shall then reioyce asmuch, and ridde me of my wo,
Vntill which time alasse, I languish still in paine,
And so shall doe vntill I see, my gentle youth againe.

FINIS.



A FAREVVELL

To Fancie.

Finde Fancie now farwell, thy Lodginge likes me not,
I serued thee long full like a slave, yet litle gaires I got,
Yet though I say my selfe, no slave that euer serude,
Of any mistris in this world haue moze reward deserud
But hee that bindes himselfe apprentise to a Patch,
At seauen yeares ende, will this be sure, to gain sum foolish catch.
So Nodcoke I, that longe haue serued thee like a slave,
For my rewarde by dew desert, Repentaunce gained haue.
Thou neuer hadst me goo, but I would runne with speede,
If thou didst bid mee staie again, two biobinges should not neede.
When I had better runne, when thou didst bid me staie,
And better staie then go on fote, to bzeede mine owne decaye.
When thou didst bid mee looke, I readie was to marke,
And would not loose the thinge so soone, no not in greatest darck.
When better I had been, for to haue shut mine eye,
Then for to cast mine eye on that, should worke me wo there by.
When thou didst bid me like, I loued by and by:
When thou againe badst me mislike, I hated contrarie.
What shall I further saye, thou nothinge badst me doe
But I was willinge by and by, for to agree thereto.
But what for all my paines, haue I now reapt in fine,
A goodly gaine Repentance soze, of such great follie mine:
When thou didst bid me goo, my running made me fall:
When thou didst bid me stay againe, it was for no good at all.
Thou madst me studie ofte, but what sonde trisling toies,
The Arte of loue, and of the cause of louers græses and Joyes.
Thou madst me thincke longe while, that louers greefe was game,
And that no Joy coule be compar'd, vnto a gallant Dame.
Thou madst me thincke longe time, no pleasure like to that,
With Curtisians in their kinde, to doe I saie not what.
Thou madst me halfe amazed, sum time with franticke fits,
and now and then with thoughtes of loue, almost out of my wits.

A Farewell to Fancie.

Thou maadst me take delight, in Lodge of Love to dwell,
And so; to count that thing a heauen, which rather was a hell.
Thou maadst me thinke that Love did purchase heauenly Joy,
Which now I see did purchase pain, & wrought naught but annoy.
Thou maadst me take delight, to see in braue attire,
Which now I finde was more in deede, then reason did require,
In Fethers flaunt a flaunt, and tossing in the winde,
Thou maadst me take delight, which now a follie great I finde.
Thou maadst mee take delight in singularitie,
In Tailors worke to have stricke, that none shoulde haue but I.
Thou maadst me count a praise, some fashion to deuise,
Wherewith I sought in wisemens sight my selfe so; to disguise.
Thou maadst me spende my time, in vaine and foolish toies,
And euer didst withdraue my minde, from seeking perfect Joyes.
Thou maadst mee thinke it was a heauen, For to go gay,
But neuer badst me looke in time, how long it would hold way.
In fine, as long as I was Scholler at thy Schoole,
So; all the learninge that I got, I prooued my selfe a foole.
Thou didst withdraue my minde from Perfect pietie,
And maadst me cheifely to delight in worldely vanitie.
But now since that I see, that it hath pleased god,
To plague me well so; my desarts, with smart of mine owne rod:
And giue me grace to finde, what grēses by thee doe grow,
And that although vnto my cost, thy nature naught I know.
What gaires by thee are got, what pinching penurie,
What greefe of minde, what plague of purse, what wretched miserie:
I now so; sake thee quite, and neuer meane to dwell,
Reere thee by fiftene thousande myle, and so Fancie, farewell.

FINIS.



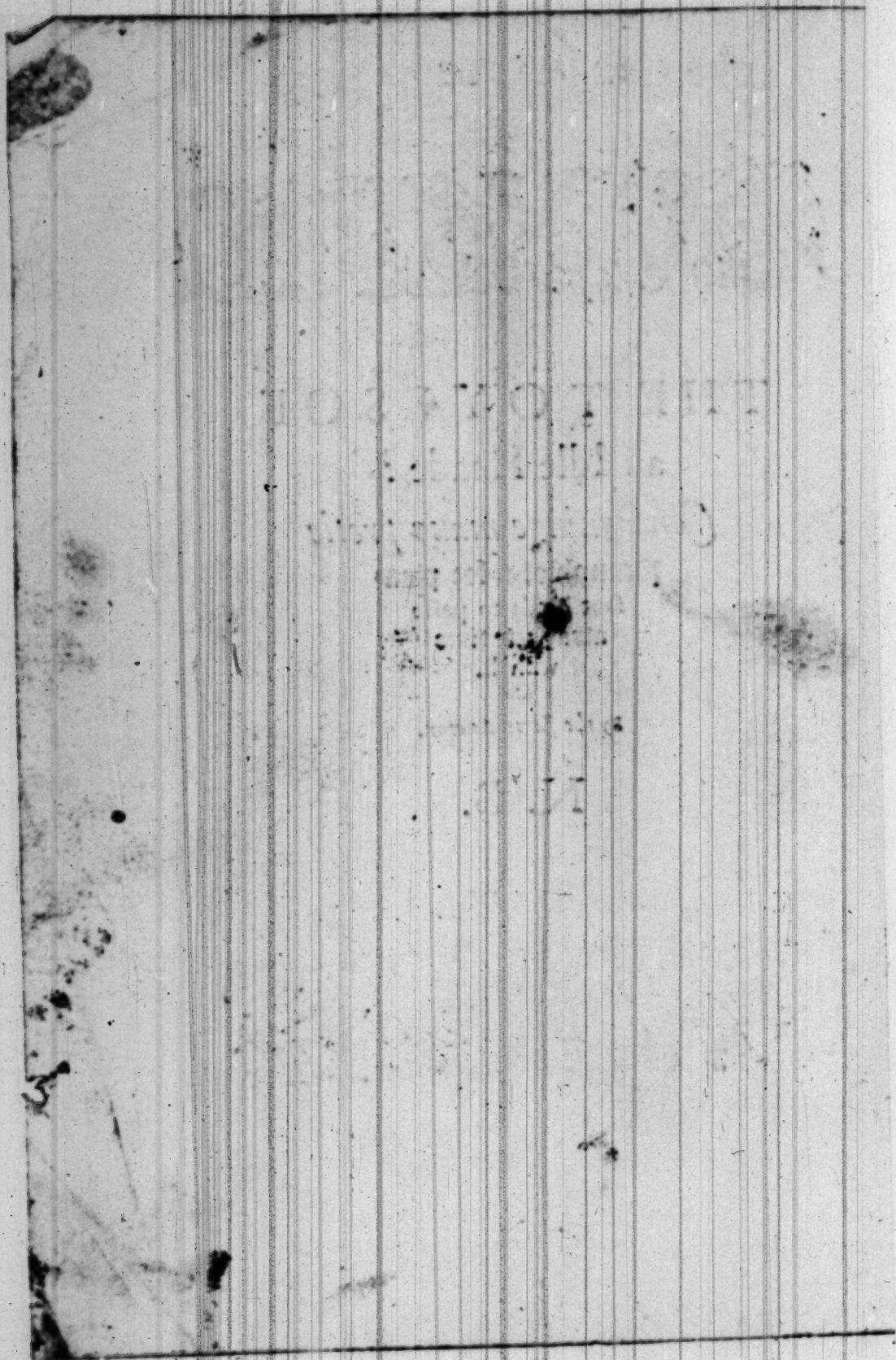
THE TOYES OF
an Idle Heade :

*Contayninge many pretie
pamphlets, for pleas-
ant heads to passe
away idle time
withall.*

By the same Auctor.

N. B.







¶ The Preface.

MY friend, who so thou bee, that faine wouldst buy this booke,
So passe away the time thereon, in ydle times to looke:
If so thou fyndst that like thee not, yet pardon graunt to mee,
And wish me from thy harte no worse, then I wish vnto thee.
Against my will it shall be much, if many I offende,
With these rude rymes which I haue made, vnto none other ende
But as I sayde hetore, for want of other glee,
For pleasaunt heads to looke vpon, when they at leysure bee.
But some there are I must confesse, gainst whom in great despight,
Some running rymes which here you see, I chaunced to indight.
But such I count my deadly foes: and such one if thou bee
That buiest my booke, then take the same in deepe despight of thee.
But if you be my friend, and take all in good parte
That there you fynde: and thinke it is for want of better Arte,
Then here with right good will, I offer it to thee,
And doe but thanke me for my paynes, it is ynough for mee.
Of troth I promise yee, 'tis not for want of will,
That rudely thus in rymes I run, but want of better skill.
For if that I had Ouids pen, ech worde in printe to place,
Or Homers excercyse I had, to giue my verse a grace.
Or Tullies Eloquence to talke, as I in minde thought best,
Or Aristotles pregnant wit, that passeth all the rest.
Some prety peece of worke, perhaps then moughtst thou fynde,
Among so many mery toyes, that mought content thy minde,
But tush, my beetle brayne, can no such fruietes bring forth,
My verses are but ragged rimes, and therefore little worth.
My head ynhooded yet, I ready am to flye,
At euery little paltrye bird, that goeth whistling by,
I neuer haue respect to any kinde of Game,
Like to the hooded Hauke: that keppe a long while tame

F.j.

When

The Preface.

When that her Game doth spring, she knowes it by the whurre,
And then to make a wing therent, she giues off ft to sturre.
But till the Game be sprong, on fyft she pearceth still,
But I (God wot) to choofe my game, haue no fuch kinde of skill.
I ftryke at what I may, and geue God thanks for all,
And ftande contented with the fame till better doth befall.
And glad I am fometyme, to pray vpon a Byrde,
I haue no wit to waye the beft, but euey wortheleffe worde.
I ready am in ryme to put, although my reason be
But fmall (God wot,) and that too fmall, as you may plainly fee.
But fince you fee my fimple head, vnhooded (as it is,)
Accept the fymple fruit thereof, and be content with this.
Vntill I haue the skill, to flye at better Game,
Which when I kill, you fhall be fure to taftc fome of the fame.
But if ye now difdayne thefe Byrdes, whereon I pray,
With better game hereafter I, perhaps will flye away,
And lyke a very Charle, then will I parte with none,
But feede vpon the beft thereof, vnto my felfe alone.
Where few or none fhall fee, what foode I feede vpon,
Nor moe yet where I hyde the fame, till all be fpente and gone.
Wherefore my friende I fay, if fo thou doeft defyre,
Moores of my vnrker, and wouldft not haue the reft throwne in the
Skorne not thefe ragged rymes, but rather foone amend,
What fo thou fyndft that likes thee not, and fo I make an ende.
Wifhing thee well to fare, if fo thou be my friend,
But if my foe, then ill and worfe, and fo agayne I end.

Finis.



The toyes of an Idle head.

¶ A pretty Dittie in despight of Fantasie.

¶ The Argument.

¶ Since Fantasie fyrst moued mee,
To ryme thus rudely as you see,
A pretty Dittie of Despight
Gaynst Fantasie, fyrst will I wryte.

Now by my troth, I cannot chuse but saye,
To see the foolish fittes of Fantasie:
With what deceit she doth the mynde beguyle,
As pleaseeth best her great inconstancie,
As well the worstest, as the best man,
She troubleth, I tell you, now and then.

And no denyall if she lyeth once,
It must be had, what euer so it be:
And ech day new Deuises for the nonce,
Only to please Mistresse fonde Fantasie.
For she can neuer like one thing two dayes,
Lough it deserue neuer so great a prayse.

This thing to day, to morrow that agayne,
And yet the next day neither of them both:
That doth she like, anon she will disdayne,
And whome she loved, someth now to loath.
Euer chopping still, and chaunging every day,
With dayes delights she leades the mynde away.

The toyes of an Idle head.

She makes the Louer thinke his Lady fayre,
Although she be as foule, as foule may be:
She makes him eke, build Castles in the Ayre,
And very farre in Pillstones so; to lie,
And in the ende, I thinke if all were knowne,
She makes him lie, a foles head of his owne.

She makes my Lady so much to esteeme,
Of her grane prattling Parrotte in the Cage:
This makes her eke her little Page to chere,
The finest Boye in England of his age.
This makes her set more by here name whete Deare,
Then some would doe by twenty poundes a yeare.

And who can chuse but laugh to thinke vpon,
Such froward fittes of foolish fantasy:
And how alas the minde is inue begot,
If that it hath not each thing by and by,
That she despyes, what euer so it be,
Cost lyfe or death, it must be had, we see.

She sedes the mynde of man, with many a toye,
She makes him selfe to seeke his owne decay:
In thinges of nought, she makes him set his loye,
And from all Vertue leades him quite away.
And she it is that bayntly caused me,
Agaynst her selfe to ryne thus as you see.

Finis.



30A

A dolorous discourse, of one that was bewitched with Loue.

The Argument.

¶ Since that the passing pangues of loue,
Which many Louers ofte doe procure,
I fynd the cause from time to tyme,
That made men shew their mindes in ryme,
I doe intend in verses few,
A dolorous discourse to shew,
Of one that was bewicht in loue,
What passing pangues he ofte did procure.
In which God wot, the more his payne,
Euen till his death he did remayne.

¶ If I had skill to frame a cunning Hearse,
Whereto I might my loathsome selfe lament,
Or able were in rymes so to rehearse,
The grying grifes, that now my hart haue bent.
Such pining pangues of loue I could descry,
As neuer any Loner felt, but I.

Some say they frieze, they flame, they flye alofte,
And yet they fall, they hope, and yet they feare;
The seild once twayne, yet is loue so full ofte,
With hyle suspect, their yhelome hartes both teare.
They line and lacke, they lack, and yet they haue,
And hauing yet, they lack the thing they craue.

They bide in blisse amid their weary bale,
With heauy hartes, they shew a smiling face:
In figures thus, they tell a mournfull tale,
And set their sorow out with such a grace.
That who so reads the same and markes it well,
Would thinke a Lovers toymintes worse then Hell.

The toyes of an Idle head.

Then thinke you what vyle tormentes doe I feele,
When all these pangues are but flicke bites to meane:
I neuer came to top of Fortunes triuiale,
But vnderneath in dolours still doe pene,
I neuer flew, whereby to haue a fall,
Yet stampe I ofte, although my gate be small.

Am I not then in case much worse then they?
That flye sometimes, although they fall as fast?
Oh yes, my case let any louer say,
And they shall see, I neuer yet was fast,
One sugred ioye, that they haue followed oft,
That flye and fall, although they fall not soft.

For they that flye although they catch a fall,
Yet while they flye, the tyme is ioyfull to:
The harme they take by falling is but small,
For when vnto themselves they thinke on this,
What a fyne sight, but euen ere while they bee,
For ioye therof, they can not long be free.

But Fortune neuer yet so fauoured me,
To lend me winges to take one little flight,
Whereby the harme by falling I might see,
Or yet in flying fynde the deepe delight.
I cannot call to mynde one ioyfull day,
Which so; a tyme, my sorowes may allay.

But lye along all tweryed with this woe,
And know not how to pꝛoue to make a flight:
With chilling colde, my ioyntes are frozen so,
That when I stryue but euen to stande by sight,
I feele my feebled limbes to faynt so fast,
That staggering still, downe flat I fall at last.

The toyes of an Idle head.

My harte it selfe is bitten so with frost,
That all my senses now are wated nome:
My tongue his taste of pleasant ioyes hath lost,
My minde with gueil care is ouertowne:
My dayles eyes are waxed dimme with teares,
Which shew the state wherein my lyfe it weares.

My eares were deafe, no pleasant tunes they heare,
That may reuiue with hole my dulled brayne:
Where I was wonte with Musicke for to heare
My heauy harte: now seemes a deadly payne.
For ech sweete note, I heare men play or sing,
Whowogh myne eare like thunder clappes both ring.

But thus to liue, oh what a lyfe is this:
To liue (alas) my senses all bestraught:
Though straunge it seeme, yet trust me true it is,
Such chilling cold my senses all hath caught.
That I can neither heare, nor see, nor feele,
Nor smell, nor taste, and yet aloue must be.

And shall I tell how first I caught this cold:
By looking long vpon thy louely face:
For when I did thy bequently be behold,
And marke there with thy beaur and comly grace.
Good Lord thought I, what was thy twight is this:
Some beaurifull Dame, then Venus sure it is.

Venus quoth I: with that I wrotte for feare,
And that the wickednes of my sining shewe:
For graue whereof my harte did swelte I sweare,
Then gan I arise agaynst the hill to hepe.
With gazing eyes to stare on this agayne,
Whose only lokes haue wrought me all this payne.

The toyces of an Idle head.

But when I heard a name to the assigne,
And saw thou werte an earthly Creature:
Then gan I thus imagine in my minde,
Which way mought I this Ladies love procure.
Lo on: poore Page that thus soe wounded lyse,
At poynt of death, yet dying cannot dye.

But when I saw mine owne bonythinesse,
And could not call to minde any due deserte:
Whereon I mought presume in this distresse,
To craue of thee some salve for this my smarte.
With grasse thereof, I caught this chilling cold,
Which quaking yet, my quivering corpes doth holde.

Yet looke I loe, and stare still on thee,
Thinking thereby to fynde some ease of payne:
But straight me thought, I sawe the lake at nye,
As who should say, thou dost my lokes disdayne.
Which loyning lake, dyce me into this fyfte,
Which God he knowes howe it tormentes me yet.

But yet I must confesse at fyft: O deare Dame,
What wote desyre my grasse hath caused so.
But by and by my starre and fery flame,
Was quickly quenchte, with waues of weary wo.
In which wet waues, I to and fro am tost,
Seeking in vayne, to fynde some quyet rest.

Now (noble Dame) since that thou hast playne,
How fyft I caught this grasse that gripes my hart:
And makes me thus to pine in paynes of payne,
Since that in this it lyest to kill my smarte,
And only thou, (deare Dame) doe not deny
To helpe me now, for if thou dost, I dye.

Ent

The toyes of an Idle head.

But thinke vpon my bitter passion,
And eke the passing pangues wherein I pyne :
And how fast bound without redemption,
I lynger smyth this loathsome lyfe of myne:
And how thou mayest with speede, if thou it please,
Both set me free, and cure my strange disease.

Which if thou wilt, I know for certaynty,
Thou canst not chuse, but lend me some reliefe:
Thou wilt, beholding my calamity,
Lend some one graine of comfort to my grise.
Which when thou doest : for a Christians sake,
A noble name thy greatest gayne shall be.

And so deare Dame, when thou doest thinke vpon
The lothsome lyues that Louers oft rehearse :
Among the rest, let this of mine be one,
Which here to thee doth shewe it selfe in hearse.
Then shalt thou see how farre my passion,
In pangues of loue hath pasde them euery one.

Finis.

A Gentleman being on a Christmas Eue in

a very solitary place, among very solemn company: where was
but small cheare, lesse myrth, and least musick : being very ear-
nestly entreated to sing a Christmas Caroll, with much adoe,
sung as followeth.

Now Christmas draweth neare,
And most men make god cheare,
With beigh, how, cars away :
I lyke a seldome moke,
In doleful dumps at home,
Will naught but fast and pray.

G. J.

Some

The toyes of an Idle head.

Some syng and dounce for lyfe,
Some Carde and Dyce as ryfe,
Some vse olde Christmas Games:
But I oh wretched wight,
In dole both day and night
Spitt dwell, the world so frames.

In Court what pety toyes,
What syne and pleasaunt loyes,
To passe the tyme away?
In countrey naught but care,
Solwer these curdes, chiefest care,
For Wyne, a Wole of Whay.

For every daynty dish
Of flesch or else of fishe
And for your Dynche in Courte:
A dish of yong fryed frogges,
Hobbe houghes of meyled hogges,
A cuppe of small Tap wyte.

And for ech courtly syght,
Ech shew that may delight
The eye, or else the minde:
In Countrey thornes and byakes,
And many miery lakes,
Is all the good you finde.

And for syne Enterpes,
Palles, Chambers, Galleries,
And Lodginges many more:
Here desert Woodpes or playnes,
Where no delight remaines,
To walke in tw and fro.

The toyes of an Idle head.

In Court for to be shote,
For every pretty spoote,
That made the harte delight:
In country many a grasse,
And small or no relaxe,
To ayde the wounded wight.

And in this Deserte place,
I wetch in wofull case,
This merry Christmas tyme:
Content my selfe perforce,
To rest my carefull coyle:
And so I end my ryme.



In the latter ende of Christmas, the same
Gentleman was lykewyse desyred to sing: and although against
his will, was content to syng as followeth.

Whe Christmas now is past,
And I haue kepte my fast,
With prayer euerie day:
And like a country Clovne,
With nodding bp and dolvne,
Haue past the tyme away.

As for old Christmas Games,
Or dauncing with syne Dames,
Or shewes, or pretty playes:
A solemne oath I sweare,
I came not where they were,
Not all these holy dayes.

The toyes of an Idle head.

I did not syng one noate,
Except it were by roate,
Still buying lyke a Bee:
To ease my heauy harte,
Of some, though little smarts,
For want of other glée.

And as for pleasaunt wyne,
Where was no dyyncke so syne,
For to be tasted here:
Full symple was my fare,
If that I should compare,
The same to Christmas cheere.

I saw no kinde of sight,
What might my minde delight,
Beloue me noble Dame:
But every thing I saw,
Did freat atwo my main,
To thinke vpon the same.

Vpon some bushy balke,
Full sayne I was to walke,
In Woodes from tre to tre:
For wante of better roome,
But since my satall dome,
Hath so appoynted me.

I staid therewith contente,
Till Christmas full was spent,
In hope that God will sende:
A better yet next years,
My heauy harte to cheare,
And so I make an ende.

The

The toyes of an Idle head.

The same man being in very great dumps
the same tyme, being likewise intreated to wryte some dolefull
Dittie of his owne inuention, wrote as followeth.

What griping griefs, what pinching pangues of paynes?
What deadly dinte of deepe and darcke annoye?
What plagues what woes, both in this world remayne?
What pestilish happes: what want of worldly toy?
But that (oh Captiue) I doe dayly hyde,
Yea, and that more then all the world besyde.

If euer man had cause to wish for death,
To cut atwo this lucklesse lynne of lyfe:
Why stryue not I with spede to stoppe my breath?
Since cruell care, not lyke a caruing knife,
But lyke a sawe, still hackling to and froe,
Thus gnawes my harte with grypes of weary woe.

What doe you thinke I iest, or that I sayne?
O: Louer lyke, my lyfe I doe lament:
O: that my fyttres are fancies of the byayne,
Which wauer still, and neuer stande content:
O: that my sighes are nought but signes of sloath:
Oh thinke not so, beleene me on my troath.

This I protest before my God on hye,
If that I could my dolours well declare:
I thinke I should such palyr pangues describe,
Of so:rottes smarte, as surely felldome are
Wiene now adays: I thinke especyally,
Yea sene or felte, of such a youth as I.

C.ij.

But

The toyes of an Idle head.

But some perhaps will aske, what is my woe:
What is the thing that makes me so to mourne:
And why I walke so solemne to and froe:

I aunswere thus: such fyre flames both burne,
Both day and night, within my boyling brest:
That God he knowes, I take but little rest.

But shall I tell, how fyre this flame arose:
And how these Coles were kyndled at the furst:
I may not so my dollores deepe disclose:
For credit me, I would sayne if I durst.
But since, alas, I may not as I would,
Let this suffice, I would sayne if I could.

What if I could: nay durst: what did I say:
For if I durst, I know full well I could:
What could I doe: no whit more then I may,
I know that to: but yet if that I would,
I could doe much more then I meane to doe,
As thus aduise: but whether dos I goe:

What neede so many wordes: so much a doe:
To blaze the troyles that I doe daily byde:
Or else to tell of tormentes to to to,
Wherewith I am beset on every syde.

These few wordes naught haue serued the tourne I trove,
Then thousand plagues, but pleasures none I knowe.



The toyes of an Idle head.

¶ A pretty gyrd geuen by a Gentlewoman, to
her seruant, wherevpon the verses were made as followeth.

¶ Farewell Youth, to your vntruth.

Vhen as thou badst, farewell to myne vntruth,
I hope thou spakest it but in iest deare Dame:
Or else so; that you thought that euery youth,
Most commonly, is touched with the same:
Such youtthes there are, I must confesse in dede,
As with vntruth their Ladyes fancies feede.

But what of that: tush, I am none of those,
Though youthly yeares I cannot well denye:
For rather lyfe then truth, I chuse to lose,
By truth I meane my true fidelitie:
Which who so byrakes, to him, as to a youth,
Thou mayest well say: farewell to thine vntruth.

But yet good Lady, say not so to me,
Will thou dost see, my truth by falsehood saynd,
Which when thou seest, then iustly spit at me,
As at a slaue, whose truth is all but saynd:
But till that tyme, say not to myne vntruth,
Farewell agayne, but onely to my youth.

For all vntruthes I bitterly denye,
And to my trusty truth, I stoutly stand:
And who so list agaynst the same deplee,
Gainst him with speere; I goe with sword in hand:
Into the field, the same so; to defend,
For los in this, my credit doth depend.

The royces of an Idle head.

And though(perhaps) most commonly ech youth,
Is geuen in deede, to follow euery gape:
And some of these are touched with vntruth,
Yet some there be, that take a better waye:
And stande vpon their truth and honesty,
Spoke then vppon their swlish bawery.

Which two, I count to be the chiefeest poyntes,
That ech man ought to build his lyfe vpon:
And these hold I my chiefe and strongest ioyntes,
For what were I, when these two poyntes are gone?
Wherefore beare Dame, as I began I end:
My youth I graunt, and truth I still defend.



¶ It chanced not long after that this Gentle-
man happened to be in the company of his very friend, which
at Dyce lost much money: and after his losse, entreated him to
write some despightful Ditty to dissuade him from Cards and
Dyce: which with much intreaty he graunted, and wrote as
followeth.

My friend I say if thou be wise,
Use not to much the Cardes and Dyce:
Least, setting all at lincke and syce,
Doe make thee knowe the cost:
I will make thee weare a thynne light purse,
I will make thee sweare, and ban, and curse:
I will make thee doe all this and worse,
When once thy Coyne is lost.

Therefore

The toys of an Idle head.

Therefore take hede in tyme, I say,
For tyme at Dyce runnes fast away,
No tyme worse spent, then at Dyce play,
I put the out of doubt:
And say not, but it was the colde,
The nearer that thy purse is polde,
The more still friendship wareth colde,
Yea all the way to throughout.

And then when once thy coyne is gone,
And friendes to helpe thee thou haue none,
No house nor land to lye upon,
Oh then, what wilt thou say?
Well, once I might haue taken hede,
I had a trusty friend in dede,
That coulde me true how I should speake,
If I did hold this way.

For who continues in this wayne,
Of setting still, both bye and mayne,
But in the ende he shall be sayne,
To leave it will or will not:
And doe the thing that both despight
Sport men, though some it both delight,
To them that play to hold the light,
Full ill agaynst their will.

Leave therefore (friend) while thou art well,
And marke the wordes that I thell,
If once thy lande thou fall to sell,
The credits will amysse.

The toyes of an Idle head.

And care not thou, though Gamsters say,
These Gamsters, Koysters call I may:
What Dastard darest thou not play?
Howe, reach this man a Chayre.

Well, if he bring it, sit thee downe,
Or else goe out into the towne:
If not, then walke thee vp and downe,
And beare a tyme his scoffe:
And thou shalt see within a while,
How thou mayest fely at him smile:
When he would gladly with a file,
To file his yrons off.

For commonly such kindes as these,
Doe ende their lynes vpon these trees:
Or lye in prison for their sins,
For all their bragging out:
And though one yeare they goe full gay,
And euery day play lusty play:
Yet with a Rope they make a fray,
Or seuen yeare goe about.

And therefore say they what they list,
Take thou still heede of bad I list:
And vse not so much the list,
So shaking of the Dice:
For first the gaynes will be but small,
The credit lesse, thou gatest with all:
The estimation least of all,
Though deare thou buy the vice.

The toyes of an Idle head.

God Lord was not that man halfe madde,
That once a pety lyeing had:
And would not rest, but out must gathe,
To Cardes and Dyce in haste:
And vsed them so lustily,
Setting, and throwing carelesly:
Till in thoste space full solisly,
He spent euen all at laste.

Euen so wilt thou I promise thee,
If thou doe not geue eare to me:
And leaue thy trouling of a Dye,
And that with speede my friend:
For they that vse so lustily,
The Cardes and Dyce most commonly:
Are eyther brought to beggery,
Or hang else in the ende.

And now farewell, since that I may,
As now, no longer with thee stay:
My counsaile therfore beare away,
And leaue that bayne delight:
That now thou hast in Cardes and Dyce,
And learne betimes so to be wyse:
Once well warnde, is as good as twyse,
And so my friend god night.

Finis.



H.ij.

¶ An

The toyes of an Idie head.

*An other Dittie after that, made by the same
man (after a sorte) in defence of Cardes and Dice, as followeth.*

If play at Dyce, is but good sports,
So it be vsed in good sorte:
But who delightes in Cardes and Dyce,
In daide, I cannot count him wyse:
For he that playes till all be gone,
With Robin Hood and little John,
Shall trace the Whoddes: for wyse men say,
Kepe some what till a rayny day.

But will you therefore generally,
Dispraise the Dyce so spightfullye
What thing so good that now is vsed,
But by a sole may be abused:
I speake not this vnto that ende,
That you should thinke I would defend
Dyce playing vniuersallye,
But onely vsed moderately.

For who so long doth vse the Dyce,
Till he thereof hath knowen the pryce,
I meane till almost all be gone,
Then marke this straight way such a one,
Beginnes to learne to cogge apace,
Wherby he doth so much disgrace,
The Cardes and Dyce, that men doe feare
To play, for Coggers enery where.

But if that coggers all were barde,
And cleany cutters of a Carde,
And enery Gamster would play square,
Then some men would hope well to fare,

The toyes of an Idle head.

And then would be so much despise,
As now they doe, both Cardes and Dyle,
For neyther Cardes nor Dyce be naught,
If men would vse them as they ought.

For how can Cardes or Dyle hurte those,
That care not whether they win or lose:
But who doe so: such men these are,
As play no more then they may spare:
And when they come to any Game,
They make a pastime of the same:
But haue as nash, spende well who may,
And merrily so will spend the day.

And what is lost too, care well if,
Neuer chase nor create a whit,
And they that vse play in this sort,
With Cardes and Dyce make pteate sports.
Then therefore since both Cardes and Dyce,
Be good for some men, as I say:
Who doth abuse them is not wise.
For worthy in my minde to play,
Therefore as I begone, I ende,
Moderate play I doe defend.

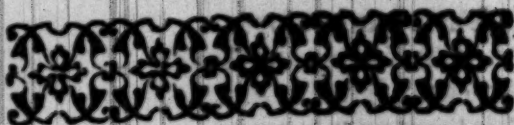
Finis.



H.ij.

So An

The royes of an Idle head.



An other tyme not long after, he chaunced
to be in his friendes and betters house: being in his bed aboute
midnight, by chaunce awake, heard in the next chamber a Page
of the Ladyes of the house, lamenting as he lay in his bed, verye
sore his vnhappy estate: which as he could well beate away in
the morning, put it in verse only for his own reading, to laugh
at, but being by his friend intreated, put it as you see among his
Toyes (as one not the least) which was as followeth.

That I would not perswaded be,
In my yong rechelesse youth:
By playne experyence I see,
That now it proueth trouth.
It is Lomis song, my Ladyes Page,
That service is no heritage.

I hard him syng this other night,
As he lay all alone:
Was neuer Boye in such a plight,
Where should he make his mone.
Oh Lord quoth he, to be a page,
This service is none heritage.

Myne Uncle tolde me tother day,
that I must take great paine:
And I must cast all slooth awaye,
If I seeke ought to gaine.
So: sure quoth he, a painefull Page,
Will make seruaice an heritage.

The toyes of an Idle head.

Yea sure, a great commobitie,
If once Adam he doe displease:
A cusse on the eare, two or three,
He shall haue, smally for his ease.
I would for me he were a Page,
For to possesse this heritage.

I rubbe and bruth almost all day,
I make cleane many a coats:
I like all honest meanes I may,
How to come by a groate.
I thinke I am a painefull Page,
Yet can I make no heritage.

Why? I to get haue much a doe,
A little noyse and than:
For making cleane of many a shoe,
For Ales, or Mistresse Anne.
My Ladies maydes will haue the Page,
Alwayes of such an heritage.

The twenches they get Coyles and Cables,
Frenchboudes and Partlets &c:
And I get nought but checks and bialles,
A thousande in a weeke.
These are rewardees me for a Page,
Surely a godly heritage.

My Ladies maydes to must I please,
But chiefly Mistresse Anne:
For else by the Masse she will discease,
She vbye now and than.
Sayth she will say, on Iohnson Page,
He purchase you an heritage.

The toyes of an Idle head.

And if the say so by the : de,
This Cock I warrant it :
But God he knowes, I were as god,
To be without it:
For all the gaynes I get by a Page,
Is but a slender Heritage.

I haue so many folkes to please,
And crape and kneele vnto :
That I shall neuer line at ease,
What euer so I doe :
He therefore be no more a Page,
But seeke some other heritage.

But was there euer such a pater,
To speake so loose as I :
Knowing what hold the maydes will catch,
At every fault they spee :
And all for a Page,
To purchase me an heritage.

And if that they may heare of this,
I were as god he hangde :
My Lady shall knowe by this,
And I shall sure be hangde :
I shall be vnder a Page,
I shall not lose mine heritage.

Well yet I hope the tyme to be,
When I may run as fast :
For wandes for them, as they for me,
Care many dayes be past :
For when I am no longer Page,
He geue them by mine heritage.

The toyes of an Idle head.

Well, I a while must stand content,
Will better happe doe fall :
With such poze state as God hath sente,
And geue him thankses for all.
Who will I hope, sende me poze Page
When this, some better heritage.

With this, with handes and eyes,
Lifte vp to heauen on high:
He sighed twise or thrise,
And wepte to piteously.
Which when I saw, I witht the Page,
In sayth some better heritage.

And weeping thus god God quoth he,
Haue mercy on my soule :
That ready I may be for thee,
When that the bell doth knowle.
To make me free of this bondage,
And partner of thine heritage.

Lord graunt me grace so thee to serue,
That at the latter day :
Although I can no good deserue,
Yet thou to me mayest say.
Be thou now free, that werste a Page.
And heare in heauen haue heritage.

Finis.



Ij.

The

The toys of an Idle head.

The same man being desired the next day
following, to sing som prety song to the Virginals, by a Gentle-
woman that he made no small account of: was faine Extem-
pore to endite, and sing as followeth.



Alas my ioyes such grieffe I fynde,
That what to doe, I know not I:
My pleasures are but blasse of wynde,
Full well euen now, and by and by.
Some sodayne pangues torment me so,
That I could euen crye out for wo.

And yet perforce no remedy,
Paines must I laugh, when I could mourne:
Pea, ofte I sing when presently,
To teares my singing could I tourne.
Such lucke haue Gamsters some men say,
Winne, and lose, and all in a day.

But some there are whome fortune still,
Gines leane to winne, and seldome lose:
Oh would to God I had my will,
That I might sone be one of those.
That are in fortunes fauour so,
Then neede I not thus playne of wo.

For if that I were sure at least,
For to obtayne that I would crane:
Pea though it were but one request,
I would desyre no more to haue.
I aske but euen one happy day,
Let me doe after as I may.

The ioyes of an Idle head.

And sure I see no remedy,
But euen to hope on happy alone:
And that is it that comfortes me,
For when hope sayles, all ioyes are gone.
Therefore what with hope and dispayre,
My ioyes lye houering in the ayre.

Which would to God would eyther fall,
Or else be driuen quite away:
That I might haue no hope at all,
Or else that I might happily say.
Now haue I found the thing I sought,
Now will I take but little thought.

Well, yet I hope as ere I dye,
To light on such a happy day:
That I may syng full merrily,
Not heigh bo wele, but care away.
The ship full many tempestes past,
Hath reacht the quyet Haven at last.

Finis.



Iij.

The

The toyes of an Idle head.

The next day after that hee had written

this passyon of Love, dyvers Gentlewomen being then in the house: he was intreated by two or three of them at once, to make some verses: and one amōg the rest, being very desyrous to haue her request fulfilled, brought him a pen, and ynke, and Paper: with earnest intreaty, to make some verses vpon what matter he though best himselfe: he very vnwilling to write, not knowing of a sodayne, how to please them al in vearse, and yet desyrous to graunt all their requestes, with muche adoe, was in the ende intreated to wryte, as followeth.

What: shal I wryte som pretty toy, wit that like Ladies best?
O: shal I pen y prayse of one sayre dame, about the rest?
O: shal I wryte at random else, what fyrtt comes in my bryne?
No, no: for wordes once flomen ahynde, can not be cald agayne.
Why then since none of these will serue, what other kind of stile
shal I picke out to wryte vpon: now sure I wades must smyle,
To thinke vpon my beetle bryne, that can no fruite byng forth,
But such bald dictum rimes as these, as are not reading worth.
Fayth Ladies but for shame, I would not wryte one word at al,
In ryme (at least) because you see, my reason is so smal.
But since it is such as it is, in vnde small and so small,
I must beseege you for this once, to shew content withall.
And take the same in as good parte, as if a wylser man
Had better done: because you see, I doe the best I can.
And more then can, you cannot crane: for if you doe of me,
Besore you aske be sure to goe without, I promise ye.
But any thing that well I can, commaund you all of me,
And I will doe the best I can, to please each one of ye.
And thus as humbly as I can, I crane of you to lend,
Your patience to my rudenesse this, and so I make an ende.

Full

The toyes of an Idle head.

Full soye that I cannot wyte, so synely as I would,
 To like your fancies all alyke, so; if I could, I would.
 And so agayne saye Ladies all, in courteous soye I craue,
 As I deserue your fauours so, and friendships let me haue.

Not many dayes after, he saw a Gentle-
 woman in the house, whom he accoumpted his deare Mistresse
 beginne to shew her euell countenance without cause, and to
 make very much of another, whome he thoughte very vnwor-
 thy of such good happe: and being not a little agreed to see
 himselfe causlesse to grow dayly so much out of countenance,
 and his aduersary so vnworthely esteemed: wrote one daye a-
 mong other, halfe a sheete of Paper in verse: wherein he priuily
 shewed his aduersaries vnwordynesse, his Mistresses inconsta-
 cy, and his owne euill happe: and finding a fitt tyme, deliuered
 the wryting to his sayde Mistresse: which, howe shee tooke in
 worth, that restes: the verses were these.

When Flattery failed to play the Searing Riddle,
 And tryed trust is put out of conceite:
 And cogging craft, by subtill shifts can haue,
 The gayer, so; which doth saythfull seruise waite.
 When deepe deceipt, must needs possesse the parte,
 That doth in deede belong to due desarte.

When fond suspect, shall cause a saythfull friend,
 To seeme amisse of friend, without desarte,
 And coye conceite, shall cause a fennall end,
 Of friendship there, where friends were linke in parte.
 When double dealing must of soye pynalle,
 To winne reward, and saythfull friendship faille.

The toyes of an Idle head.

When men are scoinde, and shadowes are esteeme,
And helis are saude, and hernelis cast away:
And dares be done, and wordes for dares be deeme,
And outward haucry beares the bell away.
Then honest meaning must goe chaunge his minde,
Or else is sure a colde reward to finde.

But when in deede, byle flattery false is found,
And tryed trust doth reape his due reward:
And deepe deceite, is digged vnder ground,
And coggng craft, can get no tale be harde.
Then right may haue, that reason doth requyre,
And due desarte, may haue his deepe desyre.

Lo, thus beare Dame, this for my selfe I wyte,
By troth I trov, your selfe haue tryed well:
For which (alas) I reape nought but despight,
The iust cause why, God knowes, I cannot tell.
Except by stealth, some flering flattering shaine,
Hath got the gaynes, which I deserue to haue.

Or else perhaps, some false suspect hath bread
Spilkyng some, of me without desarte:
Or roye conceits hath entred in your head,
To hate the man, who honoures you in harte,
Or double dealing, seeks some secrete meane,
Betwixt true friendes, true loue to banish cleane.

Or else I doubt some shadow of a man,
In my despight some gallant wordes hath blos:
On whome I vow to doe the best I can,
To seeke reuenge, where I am so abuse.
Wherefore god Lady, if such any be,
I humbly craue, hyde not his name from me.

The toyes of an Idle head.

That I with speede may giue him his desarte,
Or else receaue my iust and due rewarde:
For then when you shall see my honest harte,
I doe not doubt your harte will be so harde.

But you at last, although you sit some what long,
Will make amendes to me for euery wrong.

And thus in hope, no false and sonde suspect,
Of liking yours, shall cause such sodaine change:
And that you will such coye conceites reiect,
As to your friend, doe make you seeme so straunge.

I rest the tyme that reason doth requyre,
When my desarte may haue his deepe desyre.

¶ Not long after seeing his Aduersary still

creeping in countenaunce, and himselfe almost excluded: sitting
on a day alone in his Chamber, thinking of the despight of For-
tune, & the want of discrecion, in his discourteous Dame: wrote
in haste these verses following.



What a spight it is, vnto a noble harte,
To see a scabbe without all due desarte.
With no account of credit, nor of fame,
To winne the loue, of any gallant Dame.

Which valiant hartes, with trauaile great and payne,
Haue much adoe, long tyme for to obtayne.

My selfe I count of ballancie but small,
Yet such as may my credit well defend:
And such as in my Tifresse honour shall
Be well content, with speede my lyfe to spende.

Which, let me spende, and spende, and spend agayne,
Yet shall another sucke my sugred gayne.

The toyes of an Idle head.

With much ado, I once did fauoure winne,
Of one in bade, a fayre and gallante Dame:
Which my good happe no sooner did beginne,
But by and by, to ouerthrow the same,
A priuy Patch, a whoreson skurvy Anaue,
Inioyed the fruites, that was my righte to haue.

His fltering face, her pœnith fancys please,
My tryed troth was put of conceyts:
He glabbe, I sadde, he well, and I diseade,
He caught the fish, for which I layde the bayts:
He idle late, and nothing did all day,
And yet at night did beare the Bell away.

But since I see, that cases so fall out,
That balpaunt hartes so little are regarded:
And gallaunt Dames will seme to loue a Loute,
And let a noble youth goe unrewarded.
I will no moze henceforth such trouble spende
In cases such, and so I make an ende.

Not many dayes after, seeing his Mistresse
discourteous dealing, began to put her away, and chuse himselfe
an other Mistresse: and being then in the Christmas tyme, pre-
sented his new Mistresse, with a new yeares Gifte, in this sorte.

This little Toy to thee, for wante of better wifte,
I here presume for to present, as a small Newyeares gifte.
The value small whereof, weigh not I humbly crane, (hane.
But take in worth his great good will, whose friendly harte you
To vse haue vaunting words, will winne naught but disdain.
But valiant deeds with words but few, be they that credit gain.
Therefore

The toyes of an Idle head.

Therefore for to be briefe, thus much I doe protest,
That if to worke your harts content, within my power it rest:
Command what so thou wilt, if I denye the same,
God let me neuer haue good looke, of any noble Dame.
But you perhaps will thinke, these wordes are all but wynde:
But doe not so: first trye, then trust, and fancy as you fynde.
And let not false suspect, once cause you for to darre,
That there is any one alque, whome I doe more esteeme.
But as I doe protest, so count me your deare friend,
Who lykes, who loues, who honours you: & so I make an end.

*A verse or two written Extempore, vppon
a sight of a Gentlewoman.*

High to see this sight, the iust occasion why,
God knowes, and I perhappes can gesse unhappily.
But whatsoeuer I thinke, I meane to let it passe,
And thus in secrete soyle, to thinke vnto my selfe (alas)
More little seely soule, God quickly comforte thee,
Who could his sighes refrayne, a Dame in such sad soyle to see:
The cause whereof I gesse, but not the remedy:
I would I could a medicine frame, to cure thy mallady.

For if it were in mee, or if it were be,
To doe the thing oh noble Dame, in deede to comforte thee,
My hart, my hand, my sword, my purse, which (though) but smal
At your commaund I offer here, all ready at your call.
Of which if any thinke, when you vouchsafe to trye,
As I deserue, dishayns me then, and God then let me dye.
And thus from honest harts, as one your faythfull friend,
In few vnswayned friendly wordes, farewell: and so an ende.

Finis.

K.j.

3 Verses

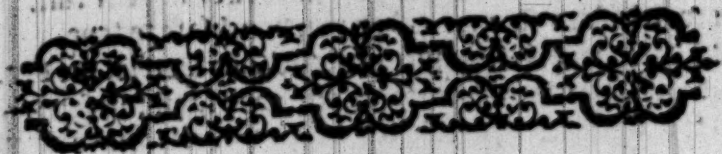
The toyes of an Idle head.

Verses written vpon this occasion : a yong Gentleman, falling in loue with a fayre yong Damsell, not knowing how to make manifest vnto her, the greate good wyll he bare her, vsing certayne talke vnto her, in the end of her talke demaunded of her, whether she could or no : she answered yea, vpon her which yea, he wrote these verses following and found time to present them vnto her presently, as he wrote them.

*If thou canst reade, then marke what here I wyte:
And what thou readst, beleue it to be true :
And doe not thinke, I doe but toyes indyte,
So: if thou marke in tyme what doth insue,
Then thou ere long, perhappes shalt easily fynde,
The effect of that, that may content thy mynde.*

*And to be playne, I lyke and loue thee well,
And that so well, as better cannot be :
What should I say : I wish that I did dwell,
In place where I thy selfe mought dayly see.
That yet at least, I mought inioy her sighte,
In whom doth rest the stay of my delighte.*

Finis.



The toyes of an Idle head.

A Gentleman talking on a time with a yong

Gentlewoman, being apparreled very plainly, she tolde him she was too playne for him, he must go seeke some gallanter Celle more meete for his tooth: to which, aunswering his mynde afterwarde, wrote vpon the same as followeth: and gaue them vnto her to reade.


When first I saw thee clad, in coulours blacke and whyte,
To gaze vpon thy seemely selfe, I toke no small delight.
Thy blacke betokens modesty, thy whyte a Virgins mynde,
And happy he may thinke himselfe, that such a one can fynde.
That which is paynted out, with colours fresh and gay,
Is of it selfe but little worth, the colours let away.
But that deserueth prayse, which of it selfe alone,
Can shew it selfe in playnest softe, and craueth helpe of none.
What should I further say: let ech man chose his choyce,
Though some in paynted toyes delight, in playnnesse I reioyce.
And why: because my selfe am playne, as you doe see,
And therefore to be playne with you, your plainnesse liketh me.
The playnnesse of your mynde, and eke your playne attyre,
For gaye and gallaunt Cotes is not, the thing that I desyre.
But noble gallaunt minde, and yet too therewith plaine,
For now and then in gallant Cotes, both deepe deceite remaine.
But for in you saye Dame, both noble gallant minde,
And therewith meaning playne in deede, I now do plainly fynde.
Chuse others what they list, this playnly I protest,
Your gallant minde in playne attyre, it is that likes me best.



K.ij.


3A

The toyes of an Idle head.


 *A comparison betweene a slippery stone,
and a trustlesse friend.*

As he that treades on slippery stones, is like to catch a fall,
So he that trustes to trothlesse friends, shall il be delt withal.
But he that lookes befoze he leapes, is lykest sure to stande,
So he that tryes o; ere he trust, shall be on surer hande.
But once found out a good sure ground, keepe there thy footing fast
so chargly keep a faithfull friend, whose friendship tride thou hast
fo; as some grounds that seeme ful sure, in time wil much decay
so som false friends y; seeme ful t rue, at neede will sh;ink away.
And as within some rotten groundes, some hidden holes we see,
So in the hartes of faythfull friends, so many mischiefes be.
Wherefoze I b;riefely bidde my friends, fo; to beware in tyme,
fo; feare of further after clappes, and so I end my ryme.

A Dolorous discourse.

If he who lingers forth a loathsome lyfe,
In weary wyse, exp;est with endlesse woe:
To whome care still standes  backeling knyfe,
To teare the harte that is to;mented so:
Who neuer felte one howze, no; sparke of ioy,
But depe lyes d;rownde in Gulfe of soule annoy.

Whom fo;rtune euer frolonde on in his lyfe,
And neuer lent one lucky loke at all:
With whome the spone and starrs are all at styfe,
Who all in vayne doth dayly crye and call:
fo; comfo;te some, but yet receiveth none,
But to himselfe his gr;ace must still bemone.

 whose

The toyes of an Idle head.

Whose gráce first grew, in time of tender yeares,
And yet doth still continue to this daye:

Who all berent doth chaunge, among the Beares,
And still hang fast, and cannot get awaye:

Who euery way which he doth like to goe,
Doth fynde some block, that doth him overthrow.

Who neuer was, is not, nor looke to be,
In way of weale, to ridde him of his woe:

Who day by day, by p[ro]se for playne doth see,

That Destiny hath sworne it shall be so:

That he must liue with toymes so oppress,
And till he die, must neuer looke for rest.

If such a one may well be thought to be,

The onely man that knoweth misery:

I may well say, that I (poore man) am he,

Who dayly so doe p[er]yue in penury:

Whose heauy harte is so oppress with gráce,
As vntill death doth looke for no relæse.

To swim and sinke, to burne and be a colde,

To hope and feare, to sigh and yet to sing:

And all at once, are louers fyttes of olde,

To many knownen, to some common thing:

But still to synke, frye, feare, and alway sigh,
Are patterns playne, that death approacheth nigh.

And doeſt thou then swæte Death approach so neare,

Welcome my friend, and ease of all my woe:

A friend in dede, to me a friend most deare,

To ease my harte that is toymended so:

Happy is he who lightes on such a friend,

To b[ri]de his toyes, and cause his grâces to end.

The toyes of an Idle head.

¶ *A letter sente by a Gentlewoman in verse,*
to her Husband being ouer sea.

Vhat greater gréefe, then losse a chiefeest loy e
Then why liue I, that lacke my chiefe delight e
My friend I meane, for whom thus in annoy,
In weary wyse, I passe both day and night.
For loe, a friend in deepest of distresse,
To friend doth yeeld, of euery gréefe redresse.

His company doth often byeue away,
Such dolefull thoughtes as mought to mende the minde :
With friend, a friend, to passe ech dolefull daye,
Of comforte greate, may many causes finde.
A friend sometime, but with is onely light,
His dolefull friend doth many times delight.

No greater ease is to some heauy harte,
Pea, when it is with greatest gréefes opprest :
Then trusty friendes, to whome for to imparte,
Such cause of gréefe, as breeds it such unrest.
For ofte by telling of a dolefull tale,
The tongue doth ease, the breast of mickle bale.

If harte be glad, what myght can then be moze ?
Then when true friendes doe méete with merry cheare,
The gréefe so gotte, of absence theirs before,
By presence had, doe soddaine ioyes appeare.
What shall I say : as I beganne I ende,
No ioye to lone, no gréefe to losse of friend.

Then

The toyes of an Idle head.

When my swete friend in this my deepe distresse,
Let me inioy thy company agayne:
For thou alone must purchase my redresse,
And ease my harte, that thus doth pyn in payne.
Thou arte the friend, that euen but with thy sight,
If agest me poyze soule, thy dolefull friend delight.

What now can ease my pynning pensiue harte,
Thus day and night with toymentes soze oppresse:
Then vnto thee, my friend soz to imparte,
Such cause of grise, as breeds me such vnrrest.
For ofte by telling of this dolefull tale,
My tongue will ease, my brest of mickle bale.

If thou werste here, my harte that now is sadde,
No thinke on thee whose absence breeds my wo:
With thoughts on thee, would sone become so glad,
As should forget those grises that gripe me so.
And as before, so now agayne I ende,
I feare to dye, soz want of thee my friends.

Thou arte my friend, chiefe friend, and onely feare,
My Gemme of ioy, my Jewell of delight:
God onely knowes, soz thy swete sake my deare,
How I in dole doe passe ech day and night.
Come therefore, come, with spede come home agayne,
To comfort her, that thus doth pine in payne.

¶ Thy louing Wyfe and faythfull friend,
And so will bide, till life doe end. *Mary rixer*

K.iiij.

One

The toyes of an Idle head.

¶ One sitting in dolefull dumpes by himselfe

alone, thinking to haue written some dolorous discourse, was let by occasion: and so for wante of tyme, wrote but only syxe lynes and lefte them vnfinished: the verses were these. (I lyke them, and therefore thought good to place them amonge other imperfections.)

My hand here honering standes, to invite some pæty toye,
My mourning mind for to delight, & wants al wo:ldly ioye.
And fancy offereth eke, syne toyes for to invite vpon,
To comforte thus my heauy harte, that is thus wee begun.
But all in vayne, for why? my mind is so opprest with græfe,
As all the pleasures in this wo:ld, can lend me no relese.
Finis imperfecta.

¶ A dolorous verse written by him, that in
decade was in no small dumpes, when he wrote them.

If any man doe line of loyes bereste,
By heauens I sweare, I thinke that man am I:
Who at this hower no sparke of ioy haue leste,
But leade a lyfe in endlesse mysery.
I sigh, I sobbe, I cannot well expresse,
The græfes I hyde, without hope of redresse.

So many are the causes of my griefe,
That day by day tormentes my mourning mynde,
As that almost there can be no relese,
To ease my harte, till ease by death I fynde.
What shall I say: what pangues but I abyde:
What pleasure that, but is to me denyde:

What

The toyes of an Idle head.

What sappe of so:row but I dayly taste:
What mile of my:th, that I can once attayne:
What soule despight both follow me as faste,
To plague my harte with pangues of deably payne:
Ten thousand Poets cannot paynt the smarte,
That I abyde within my harmelesse harte.

And why doe I by pen then sake to shew,
The passing pangues that I doe dayly hyde:
The pangues I paynt by pen (God wot) are few,
Compared to those, which I on every syde,
Am sayne to feele: and that is worst of all,
Without all hope of any helpe at all.

When you alas, that reade this mourning bearse,
Maye with your selues what toothsome lyfe I leade:
And let your hartes some sparke of pittypaunce,
To see me thus (as one amayde) halfe dead.
Striving for lyfe, desyring still to dye,
And yet perforce must prync in penury.

And thus an end of wytyng here I make,
But not an end of mourning, God he knowes:
For when I take one so:row to so:saie,
Another græfe a new as freshly growes.
So that of force my selfe I must content,
To dwell in dole, untill my dayes be spent.

Finis.



L.j.

9A

The toyes of an Idle head.

A Gentleman hauing made promise vnto
his Mistresse, to come vnto her vpon a certayn appoynted day,
to doe her seruice, brake promise with her, but the next day fol-
lowing, thinking her haste of necessitye so great, but then he
might come soone ynough to accomplishe such matters as hee
was wonte to doe, came: and confessing his faulte of breach of
promise, professing it agaynst his wil, shewing his earnest desire
of more haste, craued pardon and recovery of credit losse, in
verse as followeth.

Though yesterday I brake my word, & thereby purchase blame
Yet now to day, as you may see, I come to haue the same.
And though this be not halfe ynough, my fault to counterpaile,
Yet do not you my word mistrust, though once my promise faile
For if ye kne in the urgent cause, that kepte me so away,
And therewith saw mine earnest haste, to come agayne this day
For to recouer credit lost: I doe my selfe assure,
With little sute I should please, your pardon some procure.
Well, to be shorthe, I hope no harte is of such crueltye,
But that in an offender, will regard humillitye.
And since that noble Ladies all, are pittifull by kinde,
Let some remaice god Lady mine, take rote within your mind
And doe not me your seruant poyse, for one smal fault disdaine,
But let me by my due desarte, your fauour get agayne.
And though y once I brake my word, in matters of smal weicht
Yet thinke not therfore otherwise, in me to rest weicht.
For in a case of credit loe, wherein my worde I giue,
If that I thinke or eate my word, then God let me not liue.
And if in me to doe you good, by word or deede it rest,
Into my power, I solenne bold doe make, to doe my best.

Fine

The toyes of an Idle head.

A Gentleman being on a time desired of
diuers of his friendes sitting together in companye, to make
some verses, which he graunted, and yet not knowing how to
please them al, and yet willing to perfourme his promise, wrote
as followeth.

Some pleasant heades delight in pretty toyes,
And some count toyes, most meete for foolish boyes.
Some greatly loue to heare a merry ryme,
Some stately styles, which doe to honour clyme.
Some loue no rymes, what euer so they be,
And some mens mindes, with verses best agree.

Thus every one hath by himselfe a boyne,
Which all to please, it were to great a payne.
Which since I see tis farre too much for mee,
To wyte what may with all mindes best agree.
I thinke it best since I haue nothing done,
To make an ende of that is scarce begun.

So shall I well my promise past fulfill,
In wyting thus according to my skill.
Which promise made of myne, I trow was this,
To wyte a ryme, and heare a ryme there is.
For herein although but little reason be,
Yet ryme there is, and sence enough for me.

Finis.



L.ij.

CA

The toyes of an Idle head. . .

¶ *Aprety Epigram, vpon Welth and Will.*

Where Welth doth want, there Will can beare no sway,
And where Will wants, there Welth can make no way.
In many things Welth greatly rules the roste,
In some things too, selfe Will, will beare a sway.
To winne the longer, Welth will spare no cost,
Which to subuerbe, Will too; hath many a wage:
And in the end let welth see what he can:
Yet commonly Will stauies the stouter man.



¶ *A Gentleman marking his Mistresse angry countenance without cause, tolde her of it in verse as followeth.*

By countenance of face a man may fynde,
(I say saye Dame, by outward view of face)
Such sundry thoughtes as occupie the mynde:
Sometime by one, and este another grace.
Like with that thoughtes the mynde is eye possessed,
Forraight by the lynes, the same is playne expressed.

The frowning face, declares a froward harte,
And shouling browes a sullen stomack shewes:
The glauncing lokes of a iure grutch a parte,
Which hidden lyes within the harte, God knowes.
The staring luke declares an earnest minde,
The trouling eye, vnconstant as the winde.

The

The toyes of an Idle head.

The smyling lake declares a merry minde,
When smyling lakes are farre from heavy harte:
For some can smile, that in their hartes could fynde,
To weepe (God wot) of grife to ease their smarte.
But who is smirking smiles with mery chere,
That countenance shewes, that some god newes is nere.

Some synely vse a wincking kinde of wyle,
Some lake alofte, and some doe still lake downe:
And some can sayne a frowning kinde of smile,
And some can smile that in their hartes doe frowne,
And so doe I, and so doe many more,
That laugh sometime, when we could weepe for more.

But every lake, a meaning doth declare,
Some good, some bad, some wery, and some sad:
The countenance shewes how every one doth fare,
Some grife, some ioy, some sullen, and some mad.
And though that many be by lakes deceyued,
Yet by the lakes, are meaninges playne perceyued.

Finis.

Some other Gentlewomen in the company, angry with this toye: please with these pretty verses following,

A Be not angry so, my too;des were but in iest;
And more then that, I ment them not, by you I doe protest.
I saw no lakes to light, no; frowning overmuch,
Nor any such like sullen lakes, as might shew inward grutch.
Nor smyling wantonly, but with such modesty,
As might declare a merry minde, but with sobriety.

L. iij.

But

The toyes of an Idle head.

But such as seeme to pout, without iust cause in deede,
Or else vpon their friends will saye, a frowning more then neede.
Or giglet like will laugh, or else with anger swell,
And deale in looks disdainfully, with them that with them wel
Carriest such it is I wright, but none of you are name,
Then do not you accuse your selves, and you may go vnblande.
And this what I haue sayd, take well in worth therefore,
If I did ill agaynst my will, I will doe so no more.



A pretty toye written vpon Tyme.

As I of late this other day, lay musing in my bed,
And thinking vpon sundry toyes, that then came in my head.
Among the rest I thought vpon, the setting out of Tyme,
And thinking so vpon the same, I wrote this ragged ryme.
Tyme is set out with head all balde, saue one oddelock before,
Which lock if once you do let slip, then looke for Tyme no more.
But if you hold him fast by that, and stoutly doe him stay,
Then shall ye know how he doth passe, before he goe his way.
And if you keepe him tye by that, good service will he doe,
In every worke what so it be, that you will put him to.
So that you lake vnto his worke, that he not yole stand:
For if he doe, some knauish worke, himself will take in hand.
And the fitter better want the knaue, the haue him serue you so
When you do thinke he doth you good, & he should worke your woe,
I reade besides he paynted is, with winges forst to flye,
And power like with wythe in hand, and working earnestly.
And in his worke still singing thus: This dare I boldly say,
Saue Vertue, all thinges I cut downe, that stand within my way.

But

The toyes of an Idle head.

But Vertue neuer will decay, she goes before me still,
But since I cannot, let her stand, lie cut else where my fill.
But tis no matter: hold him fast, by that same locke I say,
And neither words, nor yet his wings, shall help him get away.
By chance my selfe haue caught him fast, but ere this other day,
And by that locke I hold him fast, so: slipping yet away.
And by that locke as thus aduise, I meane to hold him so,
But I will knowe ere he passe, which way he meanes to go.
And since I caught him so, I thinke he hath not yde stood,
But somewhat he is doing still, although but little good.
And as this morning I by chance, did see him yde stande,
I thought it good to make him take, a Pen and Inke in hande.
And hauing little else to doe, to spende a little tyme,
In true description of himselfe, to pen this trifling ryme.
Which time nor well, nor yet ill spent, stands til an other time,
Some better seruice say to doe, and so I end my ryme.



A pretty Discourse of a hunted Harte,

Written by a Gentleman, vnto his Mistresse.

TO reade a dolefull tale, that tels of nought but greefe,
And of a man that pyms in payne, and lookes for no releefe.
Whose hope of death seemes sweete, & dread of lyfe seemes lower,
Who neuer bid one merry month, one weeke, one day, or hower.
In such a tale I say, if any doe delight,
Let him come read this verse of myne, that here for troth I wright.
And though the speech seems dark, the matter shall be playne,
And he pore wretch of who it treats, to well doth feele the paine.

The toyes of an Idle head.

A pretty Discourse of a hunted Hart.

There is a pretty Chase, wherein both rest a Hart,
Wherin for his abode (poore wretch) he keeps one only part.
Approving to this chase, there is a pretty place,
Where stands a Lodge, wherein both dwell, the Lady of the chase.
This Lady now and then for sport, sometime for spight,
To hunt this felly harmlesse Harte, doth take a great delight.
And how: with houndes (alas) and when she hunteth for spoyle,
With little whelpes that cannot bite, she hunts him in this sort.
Two little whelpes I say she casteth of at once,
To course and eke to scare him with, as meetest for the nonce.
And with these little whelpes, she brings him to the bay
And then at bay she takes them up, and let him go his way.
And if for spight she hunt, she takes another way:
She casteth of no little whelpes, to bring him to the bay.
But cruell byting Curres: at once she castes of all,
And with those cruell cankered Curres, she followes him to fall:
And being (faine poore wretch) pynning in extreame payne,
She casteth of her cruell curres, and lets him ryle agayne
Untill she hunts agayne, to make her selfe like spoyle,
And then even as she is disposed, she hunteth him in lyke sort.
Thus lives this harmlesse Harte, oppressed with endlesse wo,
In daunger still of death by Dogges, and yet cannot dye so.
And neyther daye nor night, he leaveth but in feare, (where
That these same Dogges should lye in wayte, to course him euery
Thus restless restes this Harte, and knowes not how to rest,
Whose hope of death in midst of course, is it that likes him best.
God send him better rest, or speedy death at least,
To rid him of his great vnrace, and bryde him anyet rest.

 The

The toyes of an ydle head.

The meaning of the Tale.

But wher to tendes this Tale? what first may meane this Chase?
And then the Harte, which in y same doth keepe one only place?
The Plot where standes the Lodge, the Lodge, and then the Dame,
which hunte the Harte: & last the Dogges which do pursue the game?
A meaning all they haue: which meaning I must solve?
And that so plaine as in each point, the meaning you may knowe.
My Carkase is the Chase, my Harte the selfe Harte:
Which for his rest, my woefull best, doth keepe that onely parte.
The Platte where standes the Lodge, my Head I count that place:
My Spinde the Lodge, my Loue the Dame, & Ladie of the Chase.
Her Dogges of diuerse kindes, that do my Harte pursue,
Sometime to baye, sometime to fall, are these that do ensue.
And first the Dogges, with which she hunteth sometime so; spozt
To bring my Harte vnto the baye, and leane him in that spozt.
Are these belene me now: Discourtenaunce is the first,
The seconde is Discourtesie, and of the two, the worst.
Discourtenaunce he comes first, and feares me in this wyse:
He hangs his lyppe, holds doونه his head, & lokes vnder his eyes.
And with that angry lōke, he feares me in such spozt,
That I maye not abyde the same, and then beginnes the spozt.
For then she casteth of Discourtesie that Curte:
And then do what I can, alas, my Harte beginnes to stirre,
And warie halfe at laste, I stande with them at baye:
and so at baye for my defence: I somewhat gyne to save.
Which sayde, she then takes of those hylding Curres againe,
And leane me till she hunt againe, thus pynning all in paine:
And nowe the Cruell Curres . with which she takes delight,
To hunt my Hart enen till he fall, are these: not first, Despight,
But so wle Disdaine: then he, which Curres do course him soe,
That to the fall they bring me ofte, and yet then let me goe:
So that my Harte doth lyue, but howe: alas, in dreade
Of these same deuillish Dogges: & so still shall, till I be dead.

The toyes of an ydle head.

Who would not blame this Dame, that thus without desert.

With these her cruell rankred Corres, doth hunt this saley Hart,
And curse those cruell Corres, that thus doe make her sport:

Both day and night without cause why, doe hunt him in such sort.
And with this saley Hart with endles griefes oppress,

To scape the daunger of the Dogges, and finde some quiet rest,
But with who list to with, except that you, deere Dame,

Among the rest do with that with, no with wyl helpe the same.
But if that you in deede, so with among the rest,

And hartely do with that with, your with wyl helpe him best.

FINIS.

XX
XX

A strange Dreame.

Who so he be on earth, that wisely can deuine
Vpon a Dreame: come shewe his skyl, vpon a Dreame of mine,
Which if that well he marke, sure he shall finde therein,
Great misteries I gage my lyfe, which Dreame did thus begin.

Me thought I walked to and fro, vpon a hilly land,
So long, tel men with wearienesse, I could wel scarcely stand
And weary so (me thought) I went to leane against an Oke,
Where leaning but a while, me thought, the tree in pices broke.
From which, me thought, to saue my life I lightly shipt away,
And at the first, the sight thereof my senses did dismay:
But when I layed in a while, and looked rounde about,
And sawe no other dreadfull sight, I knewe not what to doubt,
But to some house (me thought) alas, I wist my selfe full fayne:
But when I lookt, and could not see one house vpon the playne:

Col

The toyes of an ydle head

God Lord (thought I) where am I now? what desert place is this
Whence came I hither? what shall I doe? my hart full fearefull is.
And therewithall (mee thought) I felt that dolefull vpon my knees:
And humble prayers made to God, on highe to comfort mee.
And praying so, vpon my knees, mee thought, there did appeare
A gallaunt Lady, all in white, with mery ioyfull chere,
Holding a Citterne in her hand, wherewith to mee she came:
And gaue it mee desiring mee, to play vpon the same.
I was halfe askeard, to see this sight, O Lady saye quoth I,
If thyll be simple is. God wot, to sounde such harmony.
Yet playe quoth she, the best thou canst, it shall suffice I say,
Doe thy good wyll, I craue no more, and therefore (pray thee) play.
With that, mee thought, I tooke the same, and sounded by and by,
Not knowing what I dyd my selfe, a Heauenly harmony,
Vnto which tune the Lady then, so swete a song did sing:
As if I coulde remember it, it were a Heauenly thing.
Of all which song one onely steppes I thus doe heare in minde,
And that was this: There is no ioye, vnto content of minde,
No plague, to pride: no woe, to want: no greefe, to lacklesse loue:
No foe to fortune: friend to God: no trueth, tyll tryall proue.
No Serpent, to sleaundersous tongue: no cossey vnto care,
No losse, to want of liberty: no griefes, to Cupids snare.
No foole, to fickle fantasy, that turnes with every winde.
No torment, vnto Ielosy, that thyll disturbs the minde.
So, this was all I heare in minde, the rest I haue forgot:
Vnto my greife, O God he knowes: but since I haue it not,
Well, let it passe: this Lady saye when she had sung her song,
She layde mee downe a Napkin saye vpon the ground along:
As white as snowe: which when I sawe, I moued what she ment:
But, then (mee thought) fro thence, againe a lyttle space she went,
And calde mee thus: hoe maides I saye when wyll you come away.
Tis time that dinner reedy were: tis very nere middaye:
Wherewith, mee thought, from out no house, but fro a bushy bancke,
Came out eight Damselfs, all in white: two and two in a rancke:
In order right: and euery one, a fine Dish in her hand,
Of sundry meates, some this, some that, and down vpon the land:

The toyes of an ydle head.

They layde me downe their Delycates, wher at this Rapkin lay.
Which done, foure of the staid syl, the rest went straight away.
Unto the place frō whence they came, the Bushy Banke (I meane)
And sodenly, I wot not howe, they all were banisht cleane.
But, to goe onwarde, with my Dremme, in order bycise I wyll,
To make discourse of these foure Dames, behind that staid syl,
First, one of them fell downe on kne, and solemnely sayde Grace:
Another, she with Pleasant Herbes, best rowed all the place,
The thirde, she with a Basen saye, of water swete did stande,
The fourth, demurely stande, and bare a Towell in her hand,
I standing syl, as one amazed, to see so strange a sight:
Yet seeing nothing, but might serue my minde for to deliight,
The Lady (Pistria) of them all, that kept her Royall seate
Rose vp, and comming towarde me, did greatly me entreate,
To come vnto her stately house: saying me syl yet to stand
Amazed so, & gaze on her selfe, and take me by the hand.
Come on, and sit: for I saye, quoth she, be not asfayde I say,
And ate quoth she, for well I knowe, thou hast not dinde to daye.
Saye Dame, quoth I, I cannot eat, my stomache serues me not,
Therefore I pardon craue: quoth she, thou art affraide I wot:
To see this seruice here so strange: indeede, tis strange to thee,
For men, but fewe or none, doe come our seruice here to see.
And happy thou maist thinke thy self, that thou camst here this day,
For very fewe vnto this hyll, can hap to byt the way.
We liue wither these be art wordes, lyke Ladies all alone,
With Musicke, passing forth the day, and fellows we haue none,
We are not like the Witches of the wood, in many a place,
That many times, for feare or shame, dare scarcely shew their face.
We spende the day in fine disport, somtime, with Musicke swete,
Somtime with Hunting of y Hart, somtime, as we thinke mete,
With other Pastimes, many one: somtyme with pleasant talke.
We passe y tyme, somtime for sport, about the feldes we walke,
With Bowe and Arrowes (Archer like), to kill the stately Deere,
Which being slayn, we roste & bake, & make our selues good chere
Our meate, we roste againe the sunne, we haue none other fire,
Sweet water foppings, to yelde vs drinke, as good as we desire.

The toyes of an ydle head.

For herbes and roots, we haue great store, here growing in the wood,
where with we many dainties make, as we our selues thinke good,
In Sommer time, our Houses here: are Arbers made of Trees,
About the which in Sommer time, do swarms such Vines of Bees,
As leaues be then, of honey sweete, such store as well doth serue,
In steepe of Sugre, all the yeare, our fructes for to pferue.
Besides, they yeld be store of ware which from the Vines we take:
And for our lights, in winter nights, we many Tatches make.
For then our houses all are Canes, as well thy selfe shalt see,
When thou hast binde, for I my self, wil go and shew them thee,
Therefore, be bolde and feare no more, for thou shalt go with mee,
From perils al, within this place, I will safeconduct thee:
And tast of one of these same herbes, which thou thy selfe likst best,
The sayest flower, trust me oft times, is not the hollowest.
But as for these same herbes, or flowers, that I haue open my mouth,
There is not one, but is right good, beleeue mee on my word.
Take where thou wilt I geue thee leaues, that will thy selfe quoth the
pul of thy glorie, & wash thy hands. When a maid brought me
A bason fayre, of water cleare, which gaue a sent so sweete:
What credit me, mee thinkes almost, that I doe smell it yet.
Wherein I softly dipt my hands, and straight to wipe the same,
Upon her arme, a towel brought, an other gallant dame.
Of whom, I could none other doe, but take in courteous sort,
With humble thanks, for seruice such, and so for to be sort,
With reuerence done, vnto the Dame, who kept her Rialty lease,
I sat me downe: and hungerly (mee thought) I fell to eate.
First of a Salet, that mee thought, hard by my trencher stood:
Whereof at first, mee thought the taste, was reasonable good.
But being downe, if left (alas) a bitter tang behinde:
Then that I left, and thought to taste, some herbes of other kind,
And there withall, I gan of her, in humble sort to craue,
The rote, that I had tasted so, what name the same might haue:
It is Repentaunce rote, quoth she, whose taste, though bitter be:
Yet in the Spring time, holosome tis, and very rare to see.
But, in the ende of all the yeare, when it is nothing worth.
In euery swithe feld it growes, to shewe the branches forth.

The toyes of an ydle head.

But, if she taste thou I kest not, then let alwaye the same.
And taste of somewhat else, quoth she, & straighte (at hand) a Dame.
Stode ready by, at her commande, to take the Dish away:
Which done, then of an other herbe, I gante take a say.
Which better farre did please my taste, wherof I scode my well.
Good Lady, quoth I, of this herbe vouchsafe to me to tell.
The proper name: This balsome herbe: is called *Hope* (quoth she)
And happy be who of this herbe, can get a peece of me,
This herbe preserves the life of man, even at pointe of death,
Whē they are speachles, often times, this herbe doth lend the breath,
This vniuers Dispaire, fro hainfull deeth, this salueth many a soer:
This is releife, to every greife, what vertue can be moer:
Fare wel theron, quoth she, and thou shalt finde such ease of mind,
As by no meanes, but onely that, is possible to finde.
O Lady sayes quoth I, I humble thanks doe yett give,
For this thy friendly fauour great, but nowe, if to the fynde,
Wher as this herb so rare doth growe, if you wyl deigne (faire Dame)
To conducte: and the we maye take, the true roote of the same,
Twice happy shal I thinke my selfe, that thus by chaunce I found,
So courtesous a noble Dame, and such a fertile ground.
The roote (quoth she) yes, thou shalt see, when thou hast binde anon,
Both roote and herbe & take the ground, which it doth grow vpon.
Dine Lady, quoth I, I haue binde: this herbe hath fynd me so,
That when you wyl, I ready am vnto that ground to goe.
Which ground, and roote so to behould, I haue so great desire,
That tell I see the same, me thinkes, my hart is fyll on fyre.
Well, then quoth she, Once after it I see thou longest so,
I wyl my dinner hoxter make, and with thee I wyl goe.
And bring thee to the place, where thou both roote and herbe shalt see:
And gather take a peece therof, and beare alwaye with thee.
And therewith from the wyde shee rose, and took me by the hand,
And led me ouerthwart, me thought, a peece of newe digd land,
And so from thence into a wood, in midst wherof, me thought:
Shee brought me to a greate wilde paye, which sure was neuer
By Gardeners hands, but of it self, I rather gesse it grew, (wrought
The order of it was so strange, of troth, I tell you true.

FINIS,

The toyes of an ydle head.

Well, in, into this place we went: in midst whereof we founde,
In comly order, well cut out, a pety peece of grounde,
The poxtecture whereof, was lyke the body of a man,
Which viewing well, soorthwith mine thought thus Lady gan
To knale her bowne vpon the grounde, hard by the body loe,
and there she shewed me the herbe, that I desired soe:
And eake she order howe it grewe: which viewing well at last,
She brake a peece, and gaue it me to take therof a taste,
Fresh fro þe grownd: which don straight way, wel now I rote of the,
I don lokest for: but say a wylie, and then it straight shalt see,
The rote is like an other rote, but surely that in name:
In difference from all other rote-mans to declare the same,
When thou hast seene it: then shalt knowe: & thereto that quoth she:
Come heere, beholde the rote which thou desiredst to see:
And therewith digging vp a Turf, shee shewed me vnye playne,
The fashion of it beeing it growne, and towarde the lyepe agayne
The Turf in place, whereto it was: O Lady saye quoth I,
If one should seeme to cut the rote, what would þe herbe then be?
So no quoth shee, untill the rote be plucked quite away:
the rote it selfe, he sure of this sayll neuer quite away.
When would I craue a peece therof (quoth I) O noble Dame,
That I may knowe it, if agayne, I chauce to taste the same.
The taste quoth shee vnpleasunt is, I tell thee that before:
But where the rote, both ranke, haerd, & hard, yett salne the sope,
But yet to make thee so; to knowe, the taste therof, quoth shee,
She raise the Turf, and of the rote she brake a peece for mee:
And downe she layde the same agayne, in order as she found.
That scarcely wel it could be seeme, that shee had raise þe ground,
Well, I had my desyre therein, but tasting of the same,
It was so bitter in my mouth, that to allaye the same,
I was full glad to take the herbe: which as for Dame did say,
The bitter taste of that vile rote, did quickly drie away.
And then in humble sort, quoth I, O saye and courteous Dame,
Since that this rote, (as you doe say) both differ much in name
From other rote, O let me knowe what his true name may be:
His name quoth shee, Necessitie is, truly credit me,

The toyes of an ydle head.

And of these Kootes, some lesse then some : but bigger that they be,
The more doth hope spied forth his leanes: & som do go with mee.
Nowe I haue showane thee thy desyre, this beare, this rate, & growe,
I back again wyl bring thee to y place, wher first thy self I found.
So to be shoyt, we backe returne vnto the place againe,

From whence we went, where sitting still, attendant did remain
These folowe faire Dames, whom ther we left: But al y dishes they.
And what else on the Boorde was left, they al had boyne away.

All, being come vnto the plate, vp rose they all at once:

And to this & adie reuerence ago, and lykely for the nonce.

They knew their Mistresse minde right well, her ble belike it was,
Of water clere vpon the ground, they full had set a Glasse.

Hear by the Glasse, a Colwell saye, and by the Colwell, flowers:

Loe, Ponthquoth she, how likst thou now this seruice here of ours?
Consist thou thus lyke, to lyue in woods, & make thy chiefe repast.

Do beare again rates, as we do beare: else the lyfe thou hast

Troubled, to mented, euery howe, and that with endlesse griefes

In hope of helpe. and nowe againe, dispayning in reliefe

Styll to reserve: She here thou seest, do lyue in quietnesse:

We passe the tyme without all care, in myght and ioyfulness.

We feare no foe, we feele no foe, we breade no dangers great,

We quake not here, with too much cold, nor burne with extreme heat.

We with not for great heape of gold, such trash we do despise,

We pray for health, & not for wealth: and thus in pleasant wyse

We spende the daye full ioyfully, we craue no ryche attyre:

This thynne white wyde, is euen as much, as we do here desire.

We haue our sportes sweete besydes, to solace nowe and then

Our toery minds, with other sports: and now, how saist thou man?

If thou mayst haue thy choyce, which wouldest thou rather do?

Leade here thy lyfe, lyke one of vs, or else returne vnto

The loathsome lyfe, that now thou leauest? pause on this that I saye:

If thou one thou chuse, here tary thy: if th'other, hence away.

Thou must returne from whence thou comst, I put it to thy choyce:

If thou one thou chuse: of thy god happe, thou euer mayst reioyce:

But if thou chuse anyll: paye wyetch, then thank thy self therfore,

Consider well, vpon my word: as yet I saye no more.

Which

The toyes of an ydle head.

With that moze halfe amayde herent still standing in a myze,
Not knowing what were best, to doe, to take or to refuse
The poffer made me by this Dame, I humblye fell on kne:
Beseeching God, to graunt me of his grace, to gouerne me,
To make me chuse that choyce, y best mought please his holy wyll:
And sitting so in humble wise, on kne thus praying still,
The Dame expecting earnestly, some answer at my hand,
So long, quoth she, vpon this choyce: why do you standing stand:
Some answer byiefely let me haue, what euer so it be:
What: wilt thou back retorne agayne: or wilt thou bide with me:
One way saye Dame, quoth I, I gladly here would stape,
And leade my life here styll with you: but nowe, another way,
Reason perswades me, to retorne: thus in a doubt I wist both,
I one way loe: the lyfe I led: another way I loth.
So that remayning thus in doubt, a certayne answer so: to giue,
Whether backe agayne so: to retorne, or in these wordes to liue
I most desire, I cannot sure: therefore I perdon graue,
And so: an answer flat, I may some longer respite haue?
No quoth she, I cannot graunt the longer tyme, not nowe
To pause vpon these wordes of mine: and therefore since that thou
Wylt backe retorne, loe, here beholds, this narrow safe path here,
Go followe this, vntyll thou comst into a Temple nere:
Then leaue this pathe, and presently, crosse ouer to the same:
And there so: further help frō thence, your prayers humbly frame
Vnto Dame Pittie, and her tell, that straght from me you came,
And she wyll helpe you so: my sake, Dame Patience is my name,
And so: a token true, that you were sent to her by me:
Say, Patience, vvyll Pittie moue, and she wyll credit the:
And so farewell, when thou hast ben, a yere or moze a way,
If thou wilt hithe make retorne, and be content to stape,
Though thou best wounded many a way, & plagde with many a soe
thou shalt haue ease of euery greef: & the what wouldst haue moze:
And so my youth quoth she, adue, I may no longer stape,
Haue god regard to this safe path, so: feare thou goe astray:
And so: a fare well, eare thou goest, to mee thy courteous friend,
In long come beare a part with me, which being at an ende,

The royes of an ydle head.

Then fare thou well: and therewithall an Instrument she toke,
And bade one of her Maides with spade, go fetch her forth a booke,
Which termed was, The tract of tyme, which by & by me thought,
Ere one could well say, thus it was: in humble wyle she brought,
With such an humble reverence, downe to this noble Dame:
That sure it would haue done one good, for to haue seen the same.
Well opening the Booke of Songs, and looking well therein:
At last she sayde, and on the playde, which Song dyd thus begin,
V Who seeketh farre in Time shal find, great choyce of sudry change,
In Time a man shall passe the Pikes, of peryls wonderous strange:
But he that trauaileth long Time, to seeke content of minde,
And in the ende in tract of Time, his owne desire shall finde,
And being well, is not content, to keepe him where he is.
His Time is lost, vnyworthy he to finde the place of blisse:
One Time, a fault may be forgiven, but if thou once obtayne
the place of rest: marke well the way, vnto the same agayne.
For if thou once doe misse the way, or hast the same forgot,
thou wander mayst, a tedious Time, & neare the neere, God wot:
Therefore in Time I warne thee well to haue a greate regarde:
the vway thou goest, for to returne, for trust mee it is hard.
And so for vyant of longer Time, I needes must make an ende,
take time enough, marke vvel thy vway, and so farwel my friend.
Tyll time, I see thee here againe, vvhich time let me not see,
tyl Time thou canst content thy self, to spend thy Time vwith me:
And so take time vvhile time vvyll serue, els time vvyll slyp away,
So once againe adewe quoth shee, I can no longer stay.
With & me thought this beauenty Dame, with all her maides was
And & poore soule, vpon the byll, was left so al alone: (gon:
Where taking hede, vnto the path, which she had the wye me so,
Crosse oerthwart the byll (me thought) I gan to goe:
At wote whereof, hard by the path, me thought a Riuer ran,
and down & streame in a small boat, me thought there came a mā
And by and by he calde to me, to aske me if I would,
Come take a boat to crosse the streame? and if I would, I shoulde;
Some crosse the riuer straght (me thought) I sawe a beaten way,
Lykely to leade vnto some Towne, whereat I gan to say:

But

The toyes of an ydle head.

But nought I sayd: and therewithal (me thought) I plaine dyd se.

The Dame who late had left me quite, approaching nere to me.
And being nere come to me, me thought she stoutly sayde,

Why do you lose your labour so? what cause hath here you sayde:
Hape on your way, and lose no Tyme, and happy soe art thou,

Thou shalt not boate o: ere I came: but quite pass danger now:
My selfe will bring thee thither, where the Temple thou shalt se,

wherto I gave thee charge to go, and so (me thought) quoth she.
Come follow me, and by and by no great waye we had gon.

But straight she brought me to the byll, this Temple stood upon.
And ther (me thought) these words she said. Go knock at yoder dore

And say thou art a feely vvight, cast vp on sorrowers shore:

Brought in the Barke of vvearie bale, cast vp by vvaues of vvoe,

The Barke is burst, thou saude alyue, dost vvander too and froe.

To seeke some place of quiet rest, and vvandring so about (out,

The hyl of *Hope*, vvhere *Patient* dwels, by chance thou foundest
From vvhome thou presently dost come a message to declare.

Beare this in minde, thou shalt get in, well warrant thee I dare.

And when thou comest into the Church, marke wel on the right hand.

within the Quyre all cladd in whyte, both Lady Pittie stands,

To whome with humble reuerence, saye this for thy behoue,

I do beleue that *Patient*, in tyme vvyl Pittie moue.

And thus this lesson I thee leaue, which if thou heare in minde.

Assure thy selfe, straight at her bandes, some fauor so: to finde.

And thus, quoth she, againe fare wel, though me no moze thou se,

Wyll backe thou dost retorne againe, yet I wyll be with thee,

And guide thee so, where so thou goest, that thou thy self shalt see,

In many Melancholike moods, thou shalt be helpe by mee.

And therewithall, I knowe not howe, she vanished away.

And I vnto the Temple straight, began to take my way.

And to the dore, as I had charge me thought I came.

And toke the ring in my hand, and knocked at the same:

Who knocketh at the dore, quoth one? A lilly vvight, quoth I,

Cast vp of late, on sorrowers shore, by tempests soddenly:

Brought in the barke of vveary bale, cast vp by vvaues of vvoe,

Since vyhen, to seeke some place of rest, / vvandred too and froe,

The toyes of an ydle head.

And vvandring so, I knevve not howe, vnto a mount I came,
V Whereas I found in comely sort, a noble courteous Dame:
The Mount is cald, the Hyl of *Hope*, where doth Dame *Patience* dwell:
From whome I come: Welcume quoth he, I know the Lady wel.
With that the dore, was opened, and in (me thought) I went,
Wherewith me thought, I hard a voice, a sobbing sighe that sent,
Wherewith somewhat amazed, at first though greatly not afraide,
Styll staring round about (a while) this stately Church, I sayde:
And as befoze Dame *Patience*, so me at parting tolde,
Within the Quier, on the right hand (me thought) I did behold
A gallant Dame, all clad in white, to whome for my betowe,
These wordes I sayde: Dame *Patience*, I *Hope* vvyll *Pittie* move:
With that (me thought) this Lady saide, I know thy depe distress,
and so; my frise Dame *Patience* sake, thou shalt haue som redress.
And therewithall, me thought she sayde, vnto an aged sire,
Which in the Temple, hard by late: Father I the desire
To shewe this Youth, the perfect path vnto the place of rest,
Who long hath wandred by e down, with to;ments soze opprest.
Dame *Patience*, hath made his friend, and sent him vnto me,
To lend him helpe vnto this place, where he desires to bee:
Lady quoth he, I cannot go my selfe abroad to day,
But I wll send, my sernaunt here, to shewe him the right way:
Whose company, if he wll keepe, beloue me he shall finde
In little time, a place that may right well content his minde.
Which if he doe not, yet let him, with him returne to me,
And then my selfe, wll go with him: it shall suffice quoth she.
Go sirra, quoth she, followe well, his man where so he goes,
And take god heede, that in no wise, his company you lose:
For if you lose, his company, you lose your labour quite.
But followe him, your gaine perhays, your trauyle shal requite.
His name quoth she, True Reason is, my Father VVisdoms man,
Whome if you followe to the place of rest, conduct you can.
Go sirra, quoth she, go your wayes, be rulde by him I say:
And though he leade you now & the, through some vnpleasent way
Yet followe him, where so he goes, doe as I bidde you doe:
And he in time, the perfect place of rest, can bring the to,

And

The toyes of an ydle head.

And so, farewell Lady, quoth I, I humble thanks do geue,
To you and eke this good olde man: and sure wyle I do lyeue,
You two I holde, and eke besides the noble courteous Dame,
That sent me hither vnto you, Dame Patience by name:
In harte I euer honour wyll: And honest Reason loe,
For taking paines vnto the place of rest, with me to goe,
To recompence his paines, I holde, to stande his faithfull friende,
To followe him, and to be rulde by him vnto mine ende.
And if I seeke to slippe from him, I wylling eye wyll be,
That as he lyst, he shall doe due correction vpon me.
So Lady, I my leaue doe take: And therewithall, me thought,
The good olde man, fast by the hande vnto the doore me brought,
And at the doore (me thought) dyd part, this good olde man and I,
And Reason, he came stepping forth, to beare me company:
Dyde to leade me to the place, wher eas we then should goe:
But as in euery mery moode, doth happy soune sodaine wo.
So in this Dyeame, as wee (me thought) were going on our waye,
I knowe not well, at what (alas) we sodainly gan stape.
And saying so, a Whesant Cocker, hard by me I gan se,
Which flying by me, crew so lowde, as that he waked me.
And thus my Dyeame was at an ende: which when that I awooke,
I take my penne, and as you see, I put it in my booke.
Which for the straungenesse of the same, surely perswadeth me:
It doth some straunge effect pretende, what euer so it be.

The huge highe Fountaine syt of all: and then the broken Ark:
And then the Lady sodainly, that dyd appeare to me:
The Papkin lying on the ground: and then the Dames that came,
In order so, with Dishes all, vnto this noble Dame:
And wherfore onely folowe of them, went backe againe a way:
And other folowe attendaunt styll, vpon this Dame dyd stape:
And what should meane the geuing of the Cytherne, vnto me
to playe vpon: and that my selfe should sounde such Harmonie,
Which neuer playde on lyke before: and then the Song that she,
Vnto the tune that I so playde, dyd sweetly syng to me.

The toyes of an ydle head.

Then what should meane the order that, the Maideens dyd obserue.
As they vpon this stately Dame, attendaunt still dyd serue?
The Bason, Towel, & the Flowres, wherewith she strawd & placd?
And one alone among the rest, so dumbly saying Grace?
What meant her stately keeping, of her royall Princely seate?
And what she meant by bidding me, to wash befoze I eat?
And when as one amazed so: she dyd beholoe me stande:
What she should meane to ryle her selfe, & take me by the hand?
Then what should meane the bytter roote, that first I fed vpon:
And tastig of the herbe of Hope, the bytter taste was gon?
Then what should meane my great desyre, to see that herb so growe:
And how the Lady ledde me straight: wheras she me dyd show
The herbe, the roote, the ground & all: and why I then dyd crane,
Of that same roote o; ere I went, a litle taste to haue?
Then what should meane the cutting by the Turke, to let me see
the roote: and then then the breaking of a peece thereof so; me?
Then what should meane & laying down, the Turke euē as she found,
So closely as could scarce be same, that she had styde the ground?
And then what ment, the greates wilde Page, the Image of a man,
Whereas it grew: and after that our backs returning thane:
What ment the glasse of water, that at our returne we founde:
The towel and the flowres besydes, downe lying on the ground?
Then what Dame Patience should meane, so; to demaunde of me,
Howe I did lyke her seruice there, and whether I coulde be
Content to lyue with her o; not, o; backe returne to chuse:
And that she put it to my choice, to take o; to refuse?
And backe returne to my olde lyfe, then what she ment to say:
If well I chose, I mought reioyce, so; to haue same that day:
If contrary why then I mought, but thanke my selfe therefore:
And had me pause vpon her wordes, and then would say no more:
Then what should meane my knawling so, and praying then of mine
To God so; grace, to take and chuse, to please his will dyuine:
Then what the Lady ment in haile, as I was knawling so,
To aske to that she did demaunde, an aunswere yea o; no?
Then what my doubtfull answere meant, and pardon I dyd craue,
That so; an aunswere flat, I might some longer respite haue:

And

The toyes of anydle head.

And why she would no respit giue: then what the path way meant:
And what she ment, in that she me, vnto the Temple sent?
The lesson that she gaue me then: and then Dame Pitty too?
And what besides at the Church dore, she further bad me do?
Then at our parting, the swart song, which rane of Tyme so much?
What y^e shold mean, & what should mean, our choise of musick such?
Her song once done, what then should meane the vanishing away,
Wherewith my selfe at first awhyle, amazed so did stay?
But going onwarde, on my way, what ment the riuer then,
What ran so nere the path? and then the Boate? and then the man?
And then what should be meant in that, he called so to me,
To take a boate, to crosse the streame: the way that I dyd see:
Likely to leade vnto some Towne? what too was meant by that,
Whereto I made no answer, but, I stayed looking at?
And then againe, what meant the Dame, who vanished away,
To come vnto me there againe, and what she meant to say:
I happy was, I had not tane a Boate, or ere she came:
And how from thence, with me vnto the Temple nere she came:
Then what should meane the lesson, that she gaue me so to saye,
At the Church dore: and then againe, her vanishing away?
Then what should meane the stately Church? and as I sayd before,
The lesson, that I dyd rehearse, when I came to the dore:
Then what should meane y^e sight I heard? then what y^e Lady meāt,
Apparrelled in white, to whome Dame Patience had me sent.
Then what my knaling meant to her: and then my wordes I sayd:
And that at my first entring in, I was so much afrayd:
And what should meane the answer then, the Lady gaue to me:
And howe that from Dame Patience, I came she dyd well see:
Then what should meane her saying, that she knew right well my
And so; Dame Patience sake, I shold be sure to find relief? (grief?)
Then what should meane the aged man, of whom she dyd request,
To take the paines, to bring me to the place of quiet rest?
Then what the olde man meant to say, he could not goe that daye,
But he would send his seruant then, to bring me on the waye:
Then what the Lady meant to saye, that shold as then suffice:
And charging me his company, to kepe in any wyse?

A. iii

And

The toyes of an ydle head.

And then what meant the Lady then, to bidde me farewell soe?
And the what meant this old mans mā, that sojth with me did go?
And then my thanks vnto the Dame, and to the good olde man?
And to Dame Patience, my friend? and eke our parting than
at the Church doore, with y^e olde sye: And the what should be meant
By him that so; to bzing me to the place of Rest was sent?
And then what should be meant by this, in going of our waye?
I knowe not howe, but suddainly, we both at once gan staye.
And last of that accursed Cocke: what should the meaning be,
That in his flying crew so lowde: as that he waked me.
Which Cocke, I am perswaded sure, if that he had not bane:
Some wondrous sight in traouailing, I doubtlesse should haue sen.
And that which grieues me most of all, the place of quiet rest:
That man would sure haue brought me to, wher now with grief
I must perforce liue as I do: and only haue this ease, (opp)rest,
To praye vnto Dame Patience, my sorrowes to appease.
Who promises me at parting last: that though I her not see,
Long tyme againe, in open sight, yet she would be with me.
And guide mee so from place to place, where ever so I goe:
That I ty her shall finde great ease, of many a deadly woe.
In hope wherof, thus as you see, my wearie lyfe I spende,
till I the place of rest attaine, and so I make an ende.

This Dreame is straunge, and sure I thinke it doth Pronosticate,
Some straunge effect, what so it is: but since I know not what
It doeth pretende: I styl wyll praye, to God me to defende,
In daungers all both daye and night, vnto my lyues ende.
And when this loathsome lyfe I ende, with torments so opprest,
In heauen I maie at latter daie, enioye a place of rest.

FINIS.

A

REPRODUCED FROM THE
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

The toyes of an Idle head.

¶ *Aprety toye written vpon this Theame:*

A man a sleepe, is not at rest.

Although the harte a sleepe, the bones be all at rest, (opp:est.
Yet man a sleepe, his minde his este with many thoughts
He dreames of this and that, sometime with trifling toyes,
His only mynde is troubled so: sometime of pleasaunt ioyes
His minde doth run in sleepe: sometime he dreames of Kinges,
Of Princes Courts, & princely seates, & of such galant thinges.
And by and by, is out, in midst of all his dream,
And from the court, to country Clowns, & of a messe of creame:
Of Cattle in the felds, of woods and pasture groundes,
Of Hawking, fyshing, Fowling too, & hunting hare with hounds.
And sodainly vnwares, he leaues his countrey sport,
And from the countrey by and by, to cittie doth resort.
And there a thousand thinges at once, runs in his minde,
The gallant shops of sundry soytes, and wares of sundry kinde.
The precious pearles & stones, on Goldsmiths shops that shine:
And then the Ho:sehead, but hard by, and then a cuppe of wyne.
Besides all gallant showes, yet one aboue the rest,
The Marchants wyues, with other dames, in fine attyre adrest,
That at their dozes, sometime on Sundayes vse to sit,
This when some doe behold by day, by night they dream of it.
And then they fall in loue, although their sute be small,
For in the morning once awake, they haue forgotten all.
Some dream of cruell warres, of men slayne here and there,
And all the fieldes with bodies dead, nie couered euery where.
And by and by the warres, not scarcely halfe begon,
But who doth get the victo:ry, and then the warres are done.
And sodainly agayne, he cannot tell which way,
He is at sea, and there he sees great fyshes gin to play.
And straght a tempest comes, that makes the waues to roze,
And then he sees how the Ships, doe sayle in daunger soze.
Anon he sees his ship, with billowes beaten so,
That comes at last a sodaine wane, that doth her ouerth:ow.

D.J.

And

The toyes of an Idle head.

And there both shee, and all her Barriners are bound :
Yet he himselfe, he knowes not how, is safely set on ground.
He onely is at home, when all the rest are lost,
And there he sees how other ships, with tempests like are tost.
And there he stands not long, but straight a suddayne chaunge,
He carryed is, he knowes not how, into a countrey straunge.
And there he speakes a speech, he neuer spake befoze,
And once awake, agayne perhaps, he neuer shall speake moze.
A thousand things to moze, a man doth thinke to see
In sleepe sometimes, that neuer were, nor yet are like to be.
For I my selfe, haue dreamede in sleepe, of sightes so straunge,
And in the midst of all my dreame, of sodayne sundry chaunge.
That in the morne awake, I could but merueile much, (such.
What cause by day, by night should dypne, me into dreaming
But sitting so a while, sometime I call to mynde, (hynde.
A prouerbe olde, which some count true, but I more false doe
That is. That man a sleepe doth lye at quyet rest,
For many sleepe, & haue their minds, with many griefs opprest
Some dreame of Parents death, or death of some deare frend,
Some dreame of sorowes to insue, and pleasures at an end.
And dreaming so I thinke, that man is not at rest,
Although he sleepe, his harte is yet, soe troubled in the best.
The Boye that goes to schole, doth dreame of Rods by night,
His breach to ready so the rodde, and in a sodaine fright
He starteth in his sleepe, and waketh there withall,
And then say I, although he sleepe, his rest can be but small.
Some thinke in sleepe they are, in field with foe at sight,
And with their fyfts, they buffet them, that lye with the by night
And are they then at rest : although they sleepe say you,
In dede they haue a kynde of rest, but rest I wot not how.
And many causes moe, of great vnquyet rest,
I could declare that are in sleepe, but these that are exprest
May well suffice I hope, to proue my iudgement good in this,
That mynde of man is troubled much, when moste a sleepe he is.

The toyes of an Idle head.

*Another Toye written in the prayse of a
Gilliflower, at the request of Gentlewomen, and one about the
rest, who loued that flower.*

If I should chose a pretty flower,
For seemely show, and sweetest sence:
In my minde sure, the Gilliflower,
I should commend, where so I wente.
And if neede be, good reason to,
I can alledge why so I doe.

The Crimson colour fyett of all,
Doth make it seemely to the eye:
The pleasaunt saour therewithall,
Comfortes the hayne to, by and by,
For colour then, and sweetest smell,
The Gilliflower must beare the bell.

This is in pots preserved we see,
And trimly tended euery day:
And so it doth deserue to be,
For sure if I mought playnly say.
If it would prosper in my bedde,
I would haue one at my beds head.

What laugh you at? you thinke I tell,
I meane playne troth I promise ye:
The Gilliflower doth like me best,
Of all the flowers that ere I see.
And who that doth mislike the same,
In my mynde shall be much to blame.

O.y.

A

The toyes of an Idle head.

*A pretty toy written in the prayse of a
straunge Spring, in Suffolke.*

I neuer trauayld countreys farre, wherby strange things to see
as woods, and waters, beasts, & byrds, wherin such vertues bee
As are not common to be had, but seeldome to be found,
And beastes & stones of nature such, as none are on the ground.
But I haue red of many one, and surely in my mind,
As well at home as farre abroad, I many straunge things find.
but many men whose running heads, delights abroad to range,
whose fancies fond are dayly fed, with toyes & choyce of change.
What euer their owne soyle doth yeld, they doe no whit esteeme
But far set, & bere bought, y they most worthy praise doe beeme.
But tis no matter, let that passe, ech one where he thinks best,
chose what, & whet, and where he likes, & leue his frends the rest
And let me speake in prayse of that, which worthy in my mind,
And therewith rare like to be fene, in England here I fynde.
No beest, no byrd, no fisch, no stone, no beest, no flower it is,
No soule, no fish, no metal strange, nought but a Spring pluis.
But such a Spring so cleare, so sayre, so swete and delicate,
That happy he may thinke himselfe, that may come sip thereat.
So speake in prayse thereof at large, it were to much for mee,
As it deserues, but if I were a Poete: as some bee,
Sure I would spend a little time, to let the world to know,
That out of our small Iland yet, so fyne a Spring doth flow.
In Ouids Metamorphosis, I reade there of a Spring,
Wherby Narcissus caught his bane, only with looking
Long while vpon the same: for loe, the water shone so cleare,
That thow the same, the shadow of his face did so appeare.
That he forgetting quite himselfe, fell so enamored,
Of his owne face, that there he lay, as one amazed, halfe dead.
So long till at the last, for want of very fode,
He fell starke madde, and lost his life in place whereas he stode
And after his ghost yelded vp, at least as Poets sayne,
His Corps was turned to a flower, which there did stil remain:

which

The toyes of an Idle head.

Which flower if I doe not mistake, is tearme the Lilly white
If this be false, blame Ouid then, that such a tale would write,
But if it had bene true, when he so soze was grined,
Had he but come vnto this Spring, he had bene some relined.
For in this Spring he should haue seene, no shadowes of a face,
But such a face as should in deede, his owne so much disgrace,
That he should haue soz gotte his owne, if this he once did see,
now he that both desire to know, wher this same spring shold be
In Suffolke soyle, who so best list, let him I say go seeke,
And he may hap to see a Spring, he neuer saw the like.

A Gentleman on a tyme, hauing three sons:

and being very desyrous to haue them broughte vp at an Vni-
uersitie: being very well acquaynted with a yong Gentleman,
who he knew had spent some yeares at Oxforde, desyred him to
choose a Tutor there, for those his three Children, which as hee
thought were fyttest to bring the vp as well in learning, as good
behauour: which hee was contented to doe, and hauing cho-
sen a Tutor for them, not long after hauing a great desyre to see
them doe well, wrote theie Tutor a letter, and with the Letter, a
prety Tale in verse, to mooue him to haue a great care of them:
the Letter I let alone, but the tale I haue thought good to shew
forth among these prety Toyes, as one not the worst, whiche
Tale was as followeth.

A little Preface before the Tale.

A Prety Tale, of late I heard, a learned wyse man tell,
Whereto I gaue attentiu care, and marke it very well.
Touching the bringing vp of youth, and who were fyttest men,
In learning and good qualities, to bring vp children.
Which Tale when I had heard told out, of troth it likte me so,
That to the lyke I were content, agayne ten myles to go.

O.ij.

Well,

The toyes of an Idle head:

Well as it was I did full ofte, reuolue the same in mind,
And many prety poyntes therein, I many tymes did finde.
And as one day vnto my selfe, by chaunce I did rehearse
Eche poynt therin, I tooke my penne, and put it into verse.
Which Tale so pend, according to my symple skill, I send
to you: for diuers causes Syr, fyrst for that it doth tend
Vnto a little matter that, there is twixt you and mee:
It hath (I trow) somewhat respect, vnto the Children three,
The three yong Gentlemen which to you, as my friend,
I gaue in charge to rule and teach: and so I make an end.

The Tale followeth in this manner.

A Gentleman that had two sonnes, desyrous was to see (he)
Them both in learning traded vp, so, which great counsaile
Of diuers often did requyre, what Tutor he might chuse,
To put these prety Dupes to, that rightly might them vse.
And vnder whom they mought in tyme, in learning profit most,
And vnder whom they lykely were, their labours to haue lost.
Well, to be bese, so many men, so many mindes there were,
Som wold say this, some other that, & som were here, som there.
Some sayd they thought that liberty, was yll for Childzen,
Some other sayd that lawfull twas, and needfull now & then.
Some sayd the rod should be the sword, to kepe childzen in awe,
And other some such cruelty, counted not worth a strawe.
Some sayd that childzen should, surpessed be by feare:
Some thought to rule by gentlenesse, a better way it were.
Some sayd that childzen were by nature bent to play, (alway.
Which from their learning in short space, wold bya to them some
fro which by feare to kepe the skill, the rod should be the meane
Least little smacke of liberty, wold quickly marre them cleane
And vse wold make great masteries, so by keeping in,
And harde applying of their booke, they profite wold therein.
Some other then that choosely this matter did discusse,
To that oppenon contrary, alleadged reason thus.

Childzen

The toyes of an Idle head.

Children by nature are not bent, to any kinde of play,
Their minds are eue half made by the, that govern them alway
And y^e to keepe their minds fro play, the rod should be no meane,
And that by feare so; to subdue, that were not woorth a beane.
As so; examples sake (quoth one) at first take me a chyld,
Who hath a pretty redy wit, although of nature wyld:
And let him learne to daunce, to shote, and play at ball,
And any other spozte, but put him to his booke withall:
And when he is abroade, if saye he doe not shote,
O; when he gins to daunce, if false he chaunce to fote.
Then pay him, by each him thoro;ly, saue him not at all,
And now and then co;rect him well, though for a fault but smal
If that he trip o; misse his tyme, by with him by and by,
Let him not slip with such a fault, but pay him presently.
And you shall see that oft so; feare, his legges will quier so,
That he shall neuer learne to daunce, no; scarcely well to go:
And when in feld he dyates not cleane, his arrow in his bow,
Knocke him vpon the syngers harde, and you shall see y^e trow,
That in a whyle his syngers ends, so; feare will quier so,
That he will neuer learne aright, to let his arrow go.
Now if he be harde at his booke, although he learne not well,
Cyther so; get, o; conser false: at first doe gently tell
Him of his faulte, and if that he doe pley it harde,
Giue him an Apple, o; a Peare, o; some such chyldes rewarde.
And trust me you shall see, the schoule shall be his chiefe delight,
And from his booke, he self will be, o; neuer if he might.
Wherefore by reason thus I p;one, that chyldren be not bent,
But that their natures much are made, by Wytos gouernment.
But this I graunt as requisite, with reason to co;rect,
Lest chyldren oft so; lacke thereof, their faultes to much neglect.
But as a sword, to set it vp, in schoule to open sight,
I lyke not that, so; tis to some, at first to great a fright.
Their eyes are so vpon the rodde, they little minde their booke,
So; chyldish feare will cause them still, vpon the rodde to looke.
And so their eyes quyte from their bookes, not only dyates away
But eke their wits, as much and moze, then any kinde of play
D. iij. Wherefore

The toyes of an Idle head.

Wherefore a rod I would in scholes, should be kept out of sight,
To make the Children to their bookes, to haue a moze delight.
¶ Another graue gray headed syre, that harde them reason so,
Thus sayd, so many shewd curst toyes, & Isaton wags I know
And eke so many Scholemaysters, that lack god government,
That many pety Boyes wil mar, that are of minds well bent.
That sure I know not what to say, but trust me in my minde,
A good Tutor, whereto a chylde is bent, can quickly synde.
And as he syndoz the nature of the chylde, even so he may,
By gentle meanes, even as he list, some leade him euery way.
So that to keepe him in god awe, correction now and than,
He iustly vse with gentlenesse, as a good Tutor can.
¶ Well, at the last this Gentleman, when he had heard at large,
Their true oppynions euery one, at last he gaue in charge.
His two sonnes, to two sundry men, wherof the one was milde
And euer sought by gentle meanes, so; to bying vp a childe.
The other was of nature fierce, and therefore rather sought,
With stoke of stripes so; to bying vp, such children as he sought.
The Children both of nature like, in tyme did differ much,
The difference of government, of Tutoris theirs were such.
The one did proue a proper Youth, and learned so; his tyme,
And by his learning afterward, to honour high did clyme.
This was by him brought vp, that was of nature mylde,
And euer sought by gentle meanes, so; to bying vp a Chylde.
The other proued but a blocke, a Duncus, an asse,
Because with too much cruelty, he often dulled was.
This was brought vp by him, that was so fierce of minde,
That thought þ rod should be the sword, to rule a childe by kinde.
The father so; afterward, to see his Child so lost,
And seing that his other sonne, did euer profite most.
Toke him away from that fierce schole, and put him presently,
To him that was the mylder man, praying him earnestly.
To see if that he could in tyme, quicken his dulled wit,
Desyring him thereto to vse, such meanes as he thought fyt.
¶ Well, at the last with much adoe, he toke a litte payne,
And toke in hand to sharpen then, his dulled byayne agayne.

And

The Toyes of an idle head.

And many manerles he did proue, but rigour none hee vnde,
For that befoze, he had so much, by thother ben abuse.
But euer sought, by gentle meanes, to make him void of feare,
And so in time, did alter much, his nature as it were.
He made him boulder to his booke; therfoze moze willinge to
His study still, but yet alas, what euer hee coulde doe
He coulde not make him like unto, his brother any way,
Although he struide, and toke great pains, asmuch as in him lay.
Yet euery way he mended had, his nature veris much,
The gentle meanes, he euer vnde, in teaching him were such.
Well to be shoyt, when that this Gentilman did see,
The difference, twixt his two sons, there shall no moze quoth he,
Of children mine, be put to schoole, to such as still be vnde,
To rule the children by the rod: I rather aile will chuse,
To put my children vnto those, that are of nature milde,
And knowe by loue and gentlenesse, how to bringe vp a childe.
And thus, the tale was at an ende, And nowe Sir, euen as hee,
The Gentilman that had two sonnes, desirous was to see
Them both in learning trauel vp reuen so no litle him I,
Desirous for to see these yongthes, both learnedly,
And vertuously brought vp, asmuch as if they were
The nerest kinsmen that I haue, or brotheren vnde, I shewe.
Wherfoze good Say, as I in you, my faithfull trust repose,
Troughsafe, to take such pains with them, that they no time do lose.
And for correction, now and then, to him that doth not well,
I meane not to instruct you Sir, your selfe can better tell
When I what longe thereto therfoze, as you shall see,
Use your discretion Sir therein, accordinge to your minde.
Thus you haue heard, the milder man, the better Schollar made,
And yet, a byddell must be had, for a wilde bzaineficke Iade.
But for your pretty Coltes, I hope no byddell you shall neede:
I hope you easely shall them bende, with a small twined thred.
My meaning is, I hope they will, themselues eche order so:
That you shall neede, to take small care, almost which way they go.
Yet now and then, though without neede, somewhat looke out I pray
Least that they hap, by Company, for to bee led astray.

The Toyes of an idle head.

For though, their natures well be bent: yet you know none e than
All company oft tymes, god wot, both marre an honest man:
And they you know, are all but young, and Youth delights in toyes
And toyes, fro learning quite & cleane, withdraweth wunten boyes:
Yet in god faith, I hope god say, your worthy Peoples thee,
Will both in learning, and all things, by you so ruled bee.
And eke unto their bokes, besides: will haue so great desire:
That earnest more, or diligent, you cannot well require.
Well, I haue put them all to you, you only must be hee,
That as well to their learning, as behaviour must see:
I sought not out, these fowly men, to put these children to
To see, which of them wolde doe best, and which againe would do
Most of the three, but all unto your charge I doe commit,
To teache and governe, by such meanes, as you alone thinke fit.
And as I haue them giuen in charge, to you, when so I came
That you might see your scholars so, the mislues each may behaue
And bring them by belcarningie, that when from you they part,
I to haue founde a Tutor such, first will be glad in hart.
And you your selfe another day, maye be full glad to see:
Their vertuous life, & thus may say these were brought up by me.
Their father then, whose tender care, is for to see them all
In learning duly to successe, and further therein withall
In good behaviour eke, may well in hart reioyce:
That I in this behalf, haue made so good and happy choise
As to finde out, so fit a man, to put his children to.
As vnder whom, they all in time, so well are like to bee.
And I my selfe, the more so; that, may haue your bounden friend:
And he reward you for your paines, and so I make an ende.

FINIS.

The Toyes of an idle head!

Two or three prety toyes giuen to a
Gentilman, to set about his
Counting house.

What man can beare a lofty saile,
Where fortune frownes, and friendes doe fayne?

And who so low, but hee may ryse,
By fortunes aide, and friendes aduise?

What wo to hate? what ioye to loue?
What stranger State, then both to proue?

What treasure, to a friende in deede?
What greater spight, then faile at neede?

What wisdom more, then for to learne,
The trueth from falshood to discern?

From which false dealing, god defend,
Those that meane well, and so I ende.

P ii

A

A

FINIS

The Toyes of an idle head

A Gentilman being requested by a
Gentilwoman, to pen hir a Prayer in verse,
wrot at hir request as foloweth.



Oh Lord thy seruants heauy hart,
her sinnes forgive, that thus for mercy cries:
Judge no man (Lorde) according to deſart,
Let fall on her with ſpede thy healthfull eyes.

In hart who prayes to thee continually,
Putting her only truſt on God in thee.
Lorde, Lorde, to thee ſo; mercy ſtill I call,
Oh, let me free that thus am bound and thall.

Not many daies after he chaunced to walke
with the ſame Gentilwoman in a garden: and
was againe then entreated by hir, to make her an o-
ther prayer, which preſently hee pend, ſpeaking with
the termes of a Gardiner, as foloweth.

Plant Lorde in me the tree of godly life,
Hedge me about with thy ſtronger ſence of faith:
If thee it pleaſe be eke thy prouing knife,
leaſt that, oh Lorde, as a good Gardiner ſaith:
If ſuckers draw the ſap from bowes on his
Perhaps in tyme the top of tree may die.
Let Lorde this tree be ſet within thy Garden wall
Of Paradiſe, where growes no one ill ſprig at all.

FINIS.

23772

A

The Toyes of an idle heade.

A prety toye written vpon a Ladies propoundinge a Riddle to hir friende,



Lady once in pleasant soyle,
A question did demaunde of mee,
For want as then of other spoyle,
Without offence, good Sir (quod she):
Spaie I craue thus much at your hande,
To haue a Riddle rightly scande:

Whereto I soone gaue this Reply,
Madame you know full harde it is,
To reade a Riddle perfectly,
The wisest men maie Judge amisse:
But shew the best of your request,
And you shall see me do my best.

The Riddle.

Why then a thinge there is quod she,
That breedeth many deadly smart:
Which none can feele, nor haire, nor skyn,
And yet with grasse, consumes the hart.
For which is founde none other ease,
But enen the cause of the disease:
Now this is my desire quoth she,
To be resolu'de what this maie be.

The Answer.

These doubts (Madame) quod I to skan,
Requires some time, and that not small,
They trouble wolde a wiser man;
Then I by roode to deale withall:
But yet faire Dame the doubt of this,
I hope to finde, and not to misse,
I can but gesse vpon a doubt,
I will not sweare to finde it out.

¶

¶

The Toyes of an idle head.

But as I Judge Adam quoth I,
It seemes Appollo sicknesse sure
On whom he cried piteously,
That neuer any herbe coulde cure:
For any Whiske finde releeve,
To helpe or ease him of his griefe.
Which plainly Adam sa; to name,
Is lucklesse loue Dame Venus game.

Which spightfull sport for to attaine,
Some so doe dull their senses all:
That in the ende with to much paine,
They doe become so;e sicke with all:
And so remaine untill they haue,
Some players such as they doe craue.

For every Player cannot please,
Ech patient to playe with all:
For then to cure his straunge disease,
Hee some shoulde haue some at his call:
But he must haue whom eche wolde craue
Else hee pooze soule small rest shall haue.

This Adam for ought I can see
The meaning of your doubt must bee,
Which if you like not good Adam:
Let it euen passe from whence it came.

My Lady laught: is loue quoth shee
A spight, and sporte, to both at ones
Now thou hast giuen me, credit me:
A resolution for the nones.
Tis loue in deede thou hast founde out,
The misterie of all my doubt:
And for thy paynes as to a friende,
I geue thee thanks and there an end.

FINIS.

The Toyes of an idle head.

A Letter sent vnto a Gentilwoman in
*verse, wherein hee gaue great thanks for
both good cheere, and other curteous entertaina-
ment hee had receiued at her hands, beinge
in the Country at her house. The Gentil-
womans name was, miltris Lettes.*



First, to thy seemely selfe, my selfe I doe commend, (sende
And so) thy friendly cheere & cost, ten thousand thanks I
Which able to requite, I knowe I shall not bee :
But to my power I will deserue, as much as lies in me:
But yet of all thy cates, one dish above the rest,
I euer since doe beare in minde, which fare doth lyke me best :
Which deinty dish (my deere), if I mought plainly name,
Letty's it is, a houlsome hearbe, thy selfe dost knowe the same.
An herbe that wee haue here, but yet I plainly finde,
That Letty's from our Letty's heere, doth much digresse in kinde :
For in that Letty's such vertues sone I found,
As fewe or none the lyke I finde, doth grow vpon our grounde:
This Letty's sweet art thou, in which I so delight :
And God he knowes what griefes I bide, so wanting of thy sight.
No cates that I can taste, but seeme all gall to me,
When that in mynde I feede vpon the fresh recorde of thee :
And so my Letty's sweet, vnto thy selfe farewell,
And thinke no cates lyke Letty's fine, can lyke me halfe so well.

FINIS.

The Toyes of an idle Head.
A Riddle propounded by a Gentle-
man to a Gentlewoman whom he lo-
ued, but was a suter, but secretly.

The thinge on earth you most desire,
And yet of all you lest wolde chuse:
That often times you doe require,
And yet I know you will refuse:
And that here present you may see,
All this is one, what may it bee?

Hir answer as pretie.

I D D Sir, the selfe same thinge that you
Above all things doe most esteeme,
And that in deede is present now,
And to your selfe you dearest deeme.
That doe you take it out of doubt,
That I wolde chuse, yet bee without.

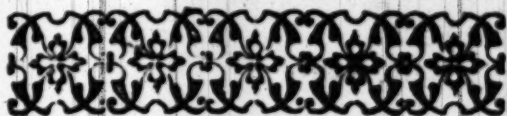
FINIS.

A Ditty in despight of a very olde
man, who was suter to a very young Gen-
tilwoman, written by a young Gentleman,
who was then (in deede) suter to the same Lady.

PERhaps you thincke, that all for spight I wote this running verse,
Wherein I doe such deepe dispraise of doting soles rehearse:
So no (good faith) I hate no man, but yet to such a snudge,
Of force I must, I cannot chuse, but beare a certeine grudge.
For as one way I honour age, so such olde doting doltes, (coltes.
That at the age of thre score yeares wolde faine seeme but young
I hate

The toyes of an Idle head.


Those crusty chaps I can not loue, the Diuell do them shame,
God let them neuer haue good look, of any noble Dame,
Much lesse the loue: alas, my harte it rendes for very græfe,
To thinke vpon the crabbed crust, that vyle old doting thæse
That seekes to robbe thee of all isyes, and me of my delight,
Who wo:th that so shall seek to winne a wo:thy wight. (pæce.
And seme to match a miching Carle, with such a pearlesse
As neuer yet Appelles syne, could paynt the lyke in Græce.
Wel, wel, this is the wo:ld, (we se) tis money makes the man,
Yet shall not Money make him yong agayne, doe what he can.
So no: yet honest sure I iudge, na: more for troth I know,
The older still, the more in crafts, his byaynes he doth bestow.
And crafte and Anaury commonly with croked crabbed age,
With Auarice and Ielosity, doth make a maryage. (God wot,
These are the frutes of froward age, which thou shalt reape
When thou wilt say, oh had I wit, in sayth then would I not.
Well say not yet but thou art warnde, by him þ likes thee wel,
Thou comber not thy comly co:ps, with such a Coystrel. (b:eat
Whose crusty chaps, whose Aly nose, whose lothsome stinking
whose tothles gums, whose bystled beard, whose visage al like
Wold kil an honest wench to view, and so it wil do thee, (deth
If so thou hap to match thy selfe, with such a snudge as he.
My counsaile therfore follow wench, cast of the crabbed knaue,
And henceforth not one merry wo:ld, ne loke yet let him haue.
But frown vpon the froward sole, and whē thou seest him glad
Knit thou thy browes, hāg down thy head, & then seme þ most sad
As who should say, the crabbed lookes of his old doting age,
Of force you know must nedes offend, a youthfull parsonage.
Let therfore crums as fyttest is, with crustes then linked be,
For trust to this, that like to like, will euer best agree.



The toyes of an Idle head.

¶ A pretty toye in ryme.

¶ Misero infortunato solo, lamenting his
cull happe, in despayre of helpe.

 Ven purse growes pyld, and credit crackes,
And friends begin to sayle:
To comforte then a beaup harte,
Alas what may preuaile?

Audita vox confortans.

Pet doe not thou dispayre at all,
But comfort thou thy mysde:
Though credit, purse, and friends be gone,
Some what is left behynde.

Misero.

Some what alas, oh tell me now,
What som what that may be:
That so in this my depe distresse,
Is left to comforte me.

Vox.

Why doste thou craue to know the thing,
Whereof thou canst not doubt:
Necessity ere long shal
Will make thee sende it out.

Misero.

The toyes of an idle head.

Misero.

Peremittie alas I see,
No ready is at hand:
Yet can I not, doe what I can,
Thy meaning vnderstand.

Vox.

Why: doste thou not thy selfe see,
There is no mallady:
But Physick hath in store for it,
Some kinde of remedy.

Misero.

No credit me, I feare there is
No meane to cure my grieues:
If there be any, let me knowe
How I may fynde release.

Vox.

Wilt thou doe as I bid thee,
And thou shalt soone fynde ease:
Although thou be not at the fynde,
Quite rid of thy disease.

Misero.

If that thy counsaile well I like,
I will agree thereto:
To ease my harte of this pespayle,
I care not what to do.

Q.ij.

Vox.

The toyes of an Idle head.

Vox.

Haue patience then, rage not to much,
Let reason rule thy mynde :
And be thou sure in little tyme,
Some comfozte for to fynde.

Misero.

But patience doth come perforce,
And what is for it (God best :)
Doth moze and moze torment the mynde,
Then patience easeth not.

Vox.

Yet patience procureth hope,
And hope byrnes out dyspayre :
And where Dyspayre is byrnen away,
There comfozte doth repayre.

Misero.

Oh, but hope oftentimes is bayne,
And doth deceiue the minde :
Therefore in hope I thinke alas,
But comfozte small to fynde.

Vox.

Let hope then grow by due desert,
Then folloves god successe :
For reason shewes, who seekes for ease,
Shall some way fynde redresse.

Misero.

The toyes of an Idle head.

Misero.

Oh but alas, those dayes be past,
For to reward desart:
And that the more, doth cause dispayre,
For to torment my hart.

Vox.

What though such dayes are past in vaine,
Yet dayes will come agayne:
Wherewith desartes shall reape despayre,
And pleasure win the payne.

Misero.

But while the grasse doth grow ofte tymes,
The silly shee he serues:
And hee that shall reape small gaine,
In only hope, that serues.

Vox.

Yet serue in hope, and hope in God,
And take well to deserue:
And let the Horse doe what he list,
Be sure thou shalt not serue.

Misero.

How like I well this lesson thens,
God well in harte to serue:
For he in vaine, who hope in him,
Will neuer let them serue.

The toyes of an Idle head.

A Gentleman being in his friends house,
in the country, was by him earnestly intreated after Dinner, be-
fore his departure, to make him some verses. But woulde giue
him no Theame to write vpon, he not knowing what to wryte
that best inought like his fancy; yet willing to graunt his re-
quest, wrote as followeth.

Necess must I write, & know not how: why the euen as it is
Accept the same and blame me not, if ought you find amis.
On bushy banks what I see, I cannot say, I know not
What looke you so; but rayne, what I see, I know not
What looke you so; of me & some I know not
You are deceaued: I cannot I, but ragged & rymeless
But what? me thinkes you say, I make too much ado,
Considering how little yet, I haue done hitherto.
And sence I graunted haue, so little time to wryte,
Some pythy shoyt, yet I know not, I know not
In dede so; true it is, my fault I know not
And sence I haue no longer time, I know not
Remayne in doubt what I would say, I know not
And so with thanks so; my god cheare, I rudely end my ryme,
But if so be you haue some pretty kinde of stile,
Whereon you doe desyre some verse, if you will stay a while,
A day or two, or so, or till I come agayne,
Then you shall see that I in ryme, will couple to my paine.
And what my wittes answere, that I will promise you
Some pretty peece of verse thereon, more then I can doe now.
And thus I leaue you here, vntill I come agayne,
This rude and ragged ryme to read, and in rest remayne.

Finis.

The end

The toyes of an Idle head.

¶ *Verses made vppon this Theame: Little
medling breeds mickle rest.*

MY youthfull yeares are spent, old age comes stealing on,
And bids me now fond fancies sit, no more to think vpon
Of worthy wifdoms; same lessons now haue learnde,
Wherby the difference twixt wit and will, I haue discernde.
Among all which: this one, where ever so I be,
To keepe still secrete to my selfe, what so I here or see.
Which since of lessons all, I doe not count the worst,
I doe intende his graue aduise, in this to follow first.
First in thy selfe quoth he, all faultes thou must amend,
Before in other men thou seeke, one fault to reprehend.
Of Cato che I learnd, it is no little shame,
To fynde that fault in other men, wherin I am to blame,
To hold my peace therefore, I count it alwayes best,
And keepe in minde the old sayd saye, that of comes mickle rest.
¶ I see a flattering knaue, to set by wits and then,
Of greatest heads as much and more, then twenty honest men.
But let me rue the same, since I cannot amend it,
I mought a witless sole be thought, to seek to reprehend it.
¶ Some I stoner see at syt, which way the case will go,
Although he list nat at the syt, to tell his Client so:
But what meanes he by that: alas doe you not see,
Your pence may make you picke it out, and so they shal so me.
What boie were it for me, their meaning to betray,
And so no pence to my selfe, to take their gawnes away?
¶ The Sparchaunt man he sees too syt, by your hye lusty looks,
That shortly he shall fynde your hande, deepe in his reckoning
Bids he you then beware betimes, of had I wist,
So no, but lets you last it out, as long syt as you list.
¶ As you ran at least, and if you aske me why:
He will no better counsaile giue, and what he meanes thereby
For losse of hande ere long, shall learne you how to know,
As well as I can teach you syt, and better so, I know.

A. iij.

And

The toyes of an Idle head.

And so shall I offend the Marchauntes nere a whit,
By shewing of their silken snares, that in their shops doe sit,
¶ Your Tenaunt too he sees, that by your tryng gay Coates,
Some Lease is shortly to be let, then gets he by his Croates,
And purseth by his pence, and comes with coyne in hande,
To crane of your good Mayster ship, to buye a peece of Lande.
And wot you wherofore say, your Farmer sends this seate:
To come with Coyne ready in hand, your friendship to intreate
¶ When that your goods are gone, and you the losse doe see,
Of byaynlick bargaynes made in haste, to mayntayne byauery:
The smart thereof at last, shall shew you then their shiftes,
¶ When shall you easely discern, their double dealing byftes,
¶ Which I dare not descry, I am so charge you see,
To make no wordes of any thing, what euer so it be.
¶ Your sernaunt last he sees, your feathers gin to fall,
And sees your Farmer buy you out, of house and Land and all.
No longer then he lyketh your service say, ade w,
And if you meane to keepe a man, you must go seeke a new.
And aske you me by this, what may his meaning bee:
Sure if you see it not your selfe, you shall not know so; me.
¶ As so; the higher powers, they are too high so; me,
¶ What faulces are to be found in them, I list not seeke to see:
Let sende their faulces themselves, so shall they best be please,
And so; my silence I am sure, I shall not be disease.
¶ But to the rest agayne, that are of meaner so;te,
Of their sone fetches secretly, I somewhat will reposte.
For openly God wot, I nothing dare descry,
¶ Who hurts not me, nor yet my friends, I will not hurt them I.
But they who doe me harme, I doe not meane to spare,
To bid my friendes in each respect, of such so; to beware.
¶ From Citizens to Clownes, what secret shifte they haue,
It is a sport to see a Clowne, how he can play the knave.
¶ The Badger say; I knowe, that hauntes the market place,
¶ When Coyn is cheape, to buy good stee, now thereby lyes a case.
¶ What shuld he mean by that / oh say, when coynes growes dere,
I need not tel you what he means, your selfe shal know next yere

The toyes of an ydle head.

The folcing Myller then, when he hath tollor the sacke,
He findes a trade to fyl it vp, if any meale doo lacke.
Howe what meanes he by this? this seate holwe dothe he frame?
The Myllstone grate among þe meale, wyl make you find the same.
The Baker then that ses, that meale both growe so dære,
He findes a myste to gaine some what, holwe euer god the yære.
But what is that his myste? the Bakers man can tell,
And I saye nought, but lytle loaves, wyl shewe it pretely well.
Some other kinde of clownes, o; craftie knaues by kinde,
What buye whole groues of words at once, what shal I speake my
What they doo meane thereby, doo no sy; by the rymde, (minde,
The Coliar & the poore man knowes, wher they doo bye their word.
The Colyar yet, to gaine wyl playe the crafty clowne:
He wo;ke a knack yet in his sacks, when coales do come to towne
But howe he wo;kes that myste, I praye you aske not me,
But when you see him shote his toles, then mark what dost you see.
Another so;rt of Clownes there are, that lye by buying Coine:
What secretly the knauish wiftes, that are not to be bo;ne.
And these are spast men calde: but what their mystes should be,
I nede not tell: by spored mault, the Byner some wyl see.
The Byner then he findes a wifte, to make a gaine,
But what is that? smal dynte alas, doth shewe it to the plaine,
Another so;rt of Clownes there be, that Dyoners are by name:
What beards of Cattell buie at once? what meane they by þe same?
Do sy;, although I knowe, I must not saye my minde,
But when the poore man buyes a Colw, then he the cause shal finde,
Another so;rt there are, which some doo Grassers call,
And so; their secrete kinde of gaine, they are not least of all.
But howe they make their gaine, I lyst not to descrie:
The Butcher when he buies his Wases, he better knowes then I.
The Butcher to againe, he is no so;le I trowe,
He findes deuise to make a gaine, holwe euer Cattell goe:
But shal I tell you howe, do sy; I must not I, (buye.
But marke your weight of bones & pycks, in meate when you doo
The Chaundler then, that of the Butcher tallowe buyes,
If he buye dære, then wyl he wo;ke a seate in secrete wise

The toyes of an ydle head.

To make a secreete gaine: but what scate maye that be?
I dare saye nought, but some the same by watry & ygbts wyll see.
Some welthy fellows are, that traueil here and there,
And buye vp almost all the wold, they can get every where:
And do you seeke to knowe what they maye meane by that?
The Diaper when you buye your cloth can quickly tell you what.
Tush, many such things moe, I see ofte tymes, God wot,
(Which I would helpe to if I coude, but (alas) I can not.
Therefore since I can not, I thinke it alwayes best,
To take god harte & holde my peace, for silence byades much rest.
If silence then byade rest, why haue I prattled so?
Yet haue I nothing sayde I hope, whereof iust grutch may growe,
But if against my wyll I any doe offende:
I pardon craue, I spake in spoyle, and so I make an ende.
The iust wyll lye vpight, and make an honest gayne,
And if I thinke to mend a knaue, my labour is in vaine:
But honest men, or else what euer so they be:
Let Countrey, Prince, and freindes a lone, and let them be for
But be that wissheth yll to Countrey, Prince, and freind, (me,
I wyll not kepe his counsaile sure, but rather seeke his ende,
But else as I am warnd. so doe I thinke it best.
To meddle little any way, and so to lye at rest.

FINIS.



J. h.

*A solempne and Repentant Praier,
for former tyme mispent.*

(harte,
O Heauenly Lord, who plaine dost see the thoughts of each mans
vvhose sendest some continuall plagues, & some release of sinners
Pittie O Lorde, the wofull state, vvherein I daily stande,
Onely for thy mercies sake, nowe helpe mee out of hande.
And as it vvas thy pleasure, fyrst to plague mee thus vvvith griefe.
So canst thou Lord if thee it please, vvvith speede send me reliefe.
I must of force confesse O Lorde, I can it not denie.
That I deserue these plagues and vvorse, and that continually,
Yet do not thou therfore on me thy iudgement iust extende,
But pardon lende, and graunt me grace my life for to amende.
And banish (Lord) from mee, delights of vvorldly vanitie,
And lende me helpe to pace the pathes of perfect pietie.
And truely so to treade the pathes, and in such godly vvise,
That they may bring me to the place of perfect Paradise.
And not to vvander vp and downe in vvaies of vveerie wo,
VVhere vvicked, vvily vvanton toyes, do leade me too and fro.
The smacke of *Sapience*, lykde me not, that pleased not my taste,
But fonde delight that vvicked vveede, vvas all my chiefe repaste.
VVherin as hooke vvithin the bayte, so do I plainly finde,
Some hydden poison lurking lyes, for to infect my minde.
But vvherefore doe I finde it nowe? because I nowe doe see,
That wanting smart I wanted grace, for to acknowledge thee.
But nowe O Lorde, that I so sore doe fee thy punishment:
I doe lament my folly great, and all my sinnes repent.
And to thy heauenly throane, O Lord, for mercy I appeale,
To send me (Lord) some heauenly salue, my grievous sores to heale.

R, ii

Behold

The toyes of an ydle head.

Behold (O Lord) my sorrowes such, as no man doth endure,
And eke my grievous sicknesse, such as none but thou canst cure,
And as thou art a gracious God to men in my serie,
So pittie mee that thus, O Lorde, do pine in penurie.
And as thou arte a helpe to all that put their trust in thee,
So lulde in this my deepe distresse, some comfort lende to mee,
And holde O Lord thy heauy hand, and laye thy scourge asyde,
For Lord, the grievous smart thereof I can no longer byde,
Forgeue my sinnes, forget the same, beholde my humble harte:
VWho onely Lorde doth trust in thee, for to relieue my smarte,
And after this my vvretched lyfe: Lord graunt me of thy grace,
That I in heauen at latter daye, maye haue a ioyfull place.

Ff N f S:



